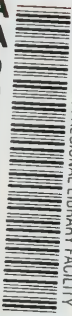


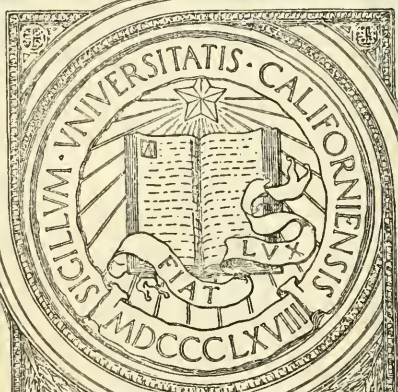
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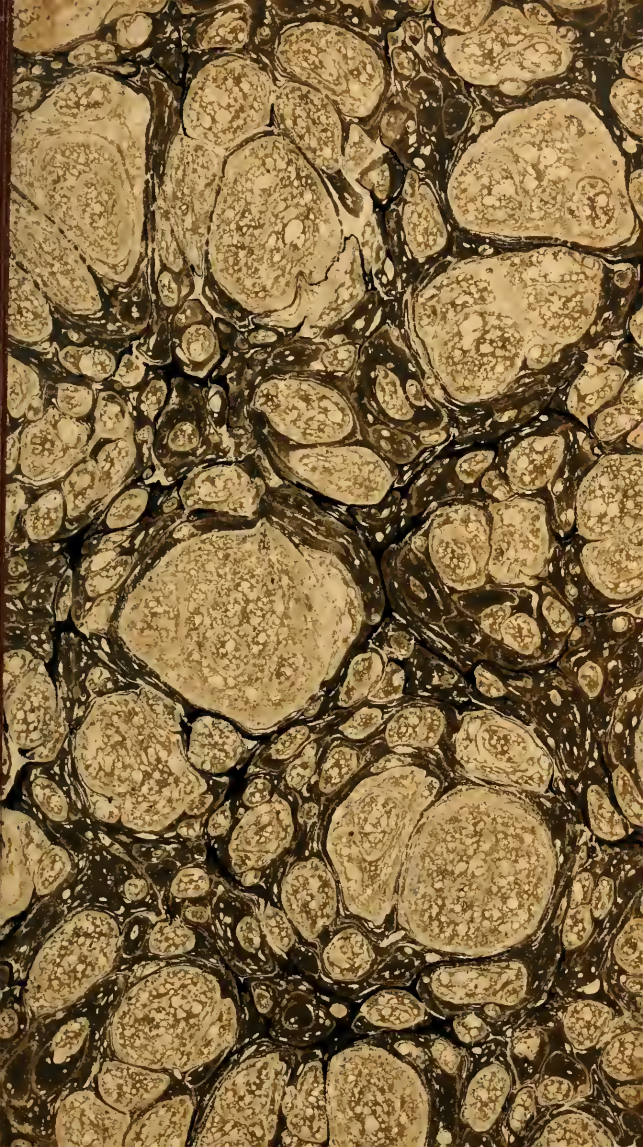
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THE

POEMS

OF

Alexander Pope.

VOL. I.

Chiswick:

FROM THE PRESS OF C. WHITTINGHAM,
COLLEGE HOUSE.

22.1780

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Painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

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Broadly.*

THE
LIFE OF ALEXANDER POPE.

BY
DR. JOHNSON.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 22, 1688, of parents whose rank or station was never ascertained: we are informed that they were of 'gentle blood;' that his father was of a family of which the Earl of Downe was the head; and that his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York, who had likewise three sons, one of whom had the honour of being killed, and the other of dying, in the service of Charles the First; the third was made a general officer in Spain, from whom the sister inherited what sequestrations and forfeitures had left in the family.

This, and this only, is told by Pope; who is more willing, as I have heard observed, to show what his father was not, than what he was. It is allowed that he grew rich by trade; but whether in a shop or on the Exchange was never discovered till Mr. Tyers told, on the authority of Mrs. Racket, that he was a linen-draper in the Strand. Both parents were papists.

Pope was from his birth of a constitution tender

and delicate; but is said to have shown remarkable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. The weakness of his body continued through his life¹; but the mildness of his mind perhaps ended with his childhood. His voice, when he was young, was so pleasing, that he was called in fondness “the little Nightingale.”

Being not sent early to school, he was taught to read by an aunt: and when he was seven or eight years old, became a lover of books. He first learned to write by imitating printed books; a species of penmanship in which he retained great excellence through his whole life, though his ordinary hand was not elegant.

When he was about eight, he was placed in Hampshire under 'Taverner, a Romish priest, who, by a method very rarely practised, taught him the Greek and Latin rudiments together. He was now first regularly initiated in poetry by the perusal of 'Ogilby's Homer,' and 'Sandys' Ovid.' Ogilby's assistance he never repaid with any praise; but of Sandys he declared, in his notes to the 'Iliad,' that English poetry owed much of its beauty to his translations. Sandys very rarely attempted original composition.

From the care of Taverner, under whom his proficiency was considerable, he was removed to a school at Twyford, near Winchester, and again to another school about Hyde-park-corner; from which he used sometimes to stroll to the playhouse; and was so delighted with theatrical exhibitions, that he formed a kind of play from Ogilby's 'Iliad,' with some verses of his own intermixed, which he per-

¹ This weakness was so great that he constantly wore stays. His method of taking the air on the water was to have a sedan chair in the boat, in which he sat with the glasses down.

suaded his schoolfellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardener, who personated Ajax.

At the two last schools he used to represent himself as having lost part of what Taverner had taught him; and on his master at Twyford he had already exercised his poetry in a lampoon. Yet under those masters he translated more than a fourth part of the 'Metamorphoses.' If he kept the same proportion in his other exercises, it cannot be thought that his loss was great.

He tells of himself, in his poems, that "he lisp'd in numbers;" and used to say that he could not remember the time when he began to make verses. In the style of fiction it might have been said of him as of Pindar, that, when he lay in his cradle, "the bees swarmed about his mouth."

About the time of the Revolution, his father, who was undoubtedly disappointed by the sudden blast of Popish prosperity, quitted his trade, and retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, with about twenty thousand pounds; for which, being conscientiously determined not to entrust it to the government, he found no better use than that of locking it up in a chest, and taking from it what his expenses required; and his life was long enough to consume a great part of it, before his son came to the inheritance.

To Binfield, Pope was called by his father when he was about twelve years old; and there he had for a few months the assistance of one Deane, another priest, of whom he learned only to construe a little of Tully's Offices. How Mr. Deane could spend, with a boy who had translated so much of Ovid, some months over a small part of Tully's offices, it is now vain to inquire.

Of a youth so successfully employed, and so conspicuously improved, a minute account must be naturally desired; but curiosity must be contented

with confused, imperfect, and sometimes improbable intelligence. Pope, finding little advantage from external help, resolved thenceforward to direct himself, and at twelve formed a plan of study, which he completed with little other incitement than the desire of excellence.

His primary and principal purpose was to be a poet, with which his father accidentally concurred, by proposing subjects, and obliging him to correct his performances by many revisals; after which the old gentleman, when he was satisfied, would say, "these are good rhymes."

In his perusal of the English poets he soon distinguished the versification of Dryden, which he considered as the model to be studied, and was impressed with such veneration for his instructor, that he persuaded some friends to take him to the coffee-house which Dryden frequented, and pleased himself with having seen him.

Dryden died May 1, 1701, some days before Pope was twelve; so early must he therefore have felt the power of harmony, and the zeal of genius. Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer?

The earliest of Pope's productions is his 'Ode on Solitude,' written before he was twelve, in which there is nothing more than other forward boys have attained, and which is not equal to Cowley's performances at the same age.

His time was now wholly spent in reading and writing. As he read the Classics, he amused himself with translating them; and at fourteen made a version of the first book of the 'Thebais,' which, with some revision, he afterwards published. He must have been at this time, if he had no help, a considerable proficient in the Latin tongue.

By Dryden's 'Fables,' which had then been not

long published, and were much in the hands of poetical readers, he was tempted to try his own skill in giving Chaucer a more fashionable appearance, and put 'January and May,' and the 'Prologue of the Wife of Bath,' into modern English. He translated likewise the Epistle of 'Sappho to Phaon,' from Ovid, to complete the version which was before imperfect; and wrote some other small pieces, which he afterwards printed.

He sometimes imitated the English poets, and professed to have written at fourteen his poem upon 'Silence,' after Rochester's 'Nothing.' He had now formed his versification, and the smoothness of his numbers surpassed his original: but this is a small part of his praise; he discovers such acquaintance both with human and public affairs, as is not easily conceived to have been attainable by a boy of fourteen in Windsor Forest.

Next year he was desirous of opening to himself new sources of knowledge, by making himself acquainted with modern languages; and removed for a time to London, that he might study French and Italian, which, as he desired nothing more than to read them, were by diligent application soon dispatched. Of Italian learning he does not appear to have ever made much use in his subsequent studies.

He then returned to Binfield, and delighted himself with his own poetry. He tried all styles, and many subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe; and, as he confesses, "thought himself the greatest genius that ever was." Self-confidence is the first requisite to great undertakings. He, indeed, who forms his opinion of himself in solitude, without knowing the powers of other men, is very liable to error: but it was the felicity of Pope to rate himself at his real value.

Most of his puerile productions were, by his ma-

turer judgment, afterwards destroyed; 'Alcander,' the epic poem, was burned by the persuasion of Aterbury. The tragedy was founded on the legend of St. Genevieve. Of the comedy there is no account.

Concerning his studies it is related, that he translated Tully on Old Age; and that, besides his books of poetry and criticism, he read Temple's Essays, and Locke on Human Understanding. His reading, though his favourite authors are not known, appears to have been sufficiently extensive and multifarious; for his early pieces show, with sufficient evidence, his knowledge of books.

He that is pleased with himself easily imagines that he shall please others. Sir William Trumbull, who had been ambassador at Constantinople, and secretary of state, when he retired from business, fixed his residence in the neighbourhood of Binfield. Pope, not yet sixteen, was introduced to the statesman of sixty, and so distinguished himself that their interviews ended in friendship and correspondence. Pope was, through his whole life, ambitious of splendid acquaintance; and he seems to have wanted neither diligence nor success in attracting the notice of the great; for, from his first entrance into the world, and his entrance was very early, he was admitted to familiarity with those whose rank or station made them most conspicuous.

From the age of sixteen the life of Pope, as an author, may be properly computed. He now wrote his 'Pastorals,' which were shown to the poets and critics of that time; as they well deserved, they were read with admiration, and many praises were bestowed upon them and upon the preface, which is both elegant and learned in a high degree; they were, however, not published till five years afterwards.

Cowley, Milton, and Pope, are distinguished among

the English Poets by the early exertion of their powers; but the works of Cowley alone were published in his childhood, and therefore of him only can it be certain that his puerile performances received no improvement from his maturer studies.

At this time began his acquaintance with Wycherley; a man who seems to have had among his contemporaries his full share of reputation, to have been esteemed without virtue, and caressed without good humour. Pope was proud of his notice: Wycherley wrote verses in his praise, which he was charged by Dennis with writing to himself; and they agreed, for awhile, to flatter one another. It is pleasant to remark how soon Pope learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt, though he had yet suffered nothing from them.

But the fondness of Wycherley was too violent to last. His esteem of Pope was such, that he submitted some poems to his revision; and when Pope, perhaps proud of such confidence, was sufficiently bold in his criticisms, and liberal in his alterations, the old scribbler was angry to see his pages defaced, and felt more pain from the detection than content from the amendment of his faults. They parted; but Pope always considered him with kindness, and visited him a little time before he died.

Another of his early correspondents was Mr. Cromwell, of whom I have learned nothing particular, but that he used to ride a-hunting in a tie-wig. He was fond, and perhaps vain, of amusing himself with poetry and criticism: and sometimes sent his performances to Pope, who did not forbear such remarks as were now and then unwelcome. Pope, in his turn, put the juvenile version of Statius into his hands for correction.

Their correspondence afforded the public its first knowledge of Pope's epistolary powers; for his Let-

ters were given by Cromwell to one Mrs. Thomas ; and she many years afterwards sold them to Curll, who inserted them in a volume of his 'Miscellanies.'

Walsh, a name yet preserved among the minor poets, was one of his first encouragers. His regard was gained by the 'Pastorals,' and from him Pope received the counsel from which he seems to have regulated his studies. Walsh advised him to correctness, which, as he told him, the English poets had hitherto neglected, and which therefore was left to him as a basis of fame ; and being delighted with rural poems, recommended to him to write a pastoral comedy, like those which are read so eagerly in Italy ; a design which Pope probably did not approve, as he did not follow it.

Pope had now declared himself a poet ; and thinking himself entitled to poetical conversation, began at seventeen to frequent Will's, a coffee-house on the north side of Russel-street, in Covent-garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble, and where Dryden had, when he lived, been accustomed to preside.

During this period of his life he was indefatigably diligent, and insatiably curious ; wanting health for violent, and money for expensive pleasures, and having excited in himself very strong desires of intellectual eminence, he spent much of his time over his books : but he read only to store his mind with facts and images, seizing all that his authors presented with undistinguishing voracity, and with an appetite for knowledge too eager to be nice. In a mind like his, however, all the faculties were at once involuntarily improving. Judgment is forced upon us by experience. He that reads many books must compare one opinion or one style with another ; and, when he compares, must necessarily distinguish, reject, and prefer. But the account given by himself of his studies was, that from fourteen to twenty he

read only for amusement; from twenty to twenty-seven for improvement and instruction; that in the first part of this time he desired only to know, and in the second he endeavoured to judge.

The 'Pastorals,' which had been for some time handed about among poets and critics, were at last printed (1709) in Tonson's 'Miscellany,' in a volume which began with the Pastorals of Philips, and ended with those of Pope.

The same year was written the 'Essay on Criticism;' a work which displays such extent of comprehension, such nicety of distinction, such acquaintance with mankind, and such knowledge both of ancient and modern learning, as are not often attained by the maturest age and longest experience. It was published about two years afterwards; and, being praised by Addison in the 'Spectator' with sufficient liberality, met with so much favour as enraged Dennis, "who," he says, "found himself attacked, without any manner of provocation on his side, and attacked in his person, instead of his writings, by one who was wholly a stranger to him, at a time when all the world knew he was persecuted by fortune; and not only saw that this was attempted in a clandestine manner with the utmost falsehood and calumny, but found that all this was done by a little affected hypocrite, who had nothing in his mouth at the same time but truth, candour, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity."

How the attack was clandestine is not easily perceived, nor how his person is depreciated; but he seems to have known something of Pope's character, in whom may be discovered an appetite to talk too frequently of his own virtues.

The pamphlet is such as rage might be expected to dictate. He supposes himself to be asked two

questions : whether the Essay will succeed ? and who or what is the author ?

Its success he admits to be secured by the false opinions then prevalent ; the author he concludes to be “ young and raw.”

“ First, because he discovers a sufficiency beyond his little ability, and hath rashly undertaken a task infinitely above his force. Secondly, while this little author struts, and affects the dietatorian air, he plainly shows that at the same time he is under the rod : and, while he pretends to give laws to others, is a pedantic slave to authority and opinion. Thirdly, he hath, like school-boys, borrowed both from living and dead. Fourthly, he knows not his own mind, and frequently contradicts himself. Fifthly, he is almost perpetually in the wrong.”

All these positions he attempts to prove by quotations and remarks ; but his desire to do mischief is greater than his power. He has, however, justly criticised some passages in these lines :

There are whom Heaven has bless'd with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it ;
For wit and judgment ever are at strife—

It is apparent that wit has two meanings, and that what is wanted, though called wit, is truly judgment. So far Dennis is undoubtedly right ; but not content with argument, he will have a little mirth, and triumphs over the first couplet in terms too elegant to be forgotten. “ By the way, what rare numbers are here ! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce on account of impotence from some superannuated sinner ; and, having been p-xed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her hobble so damnably ?” This was the man who would reform a nation sinking into barbarity.

In another place Pope himself allowed that Dennis had detected one of those blunders which are called "bulls." The first edition had this line,

What is this wit—

Where wanted scorn'd ; and envied where acquired ?

"How," says the critic, "can wit be scorn'd where it is not? Is not this a figure frequently employed in Hibernian land? The person that wants this wit may indeed be scorned, but the scorn shows the honour which the contemner has for wit." Of this remark Pope made the proper use, by correcting the passage.

I have preserved, I think, all that is reasonable in Dennis's criticism; it remains that justice be done to his delicacy. "For his acquaintance (says Dennis) he names Mr. Walsh, who had by no means the qualification which this author reckons absolutely necessary to a critic, it being very certain that he was, like this Essayer, a very indifferent poet; he loved to be well dressed; and I remember a little young gentleman whom Mr. Walsh used to take into his company, as a double foil to his person and capacity. Inquire, between Sunning-hill and Oakingham, for a young, short, squab gentleman, the very *Bow* of the God of Love, and tell me whether he be a proper author to make personal reflections?—He may extol the ancients, but he has reason to thank the gods that he was born a modern; for had he been born of Grecian parents, and his father consequently had by law the absolute disposal of him, his life had been no longer than that of one of his poems, the life of half a day.—Let the person of a gentleman of his parts be never so contemptible, his inward man is ten times more ridiculous; it being impossible that his outward form, though it be that of downright monkey, should differ so much from human shape, as his unthinking, immaterial part does from human understanding." Thus began the

hostility between Pope and Dennis, which, though it was suspended for a short time, never was appeased. Pope seems, at first, to have attacked him wantonly; but, though he always professed to despise him, he discovers, by mentioning him very often, that he felt his force or his venom.

Of this 'Essay,' Pope declared, that he did not expect the sale to be quick, because "not one gentleman in sixty, even of liberal education, could understand it." The gentlemen, and the education of that time, seem to have been of a lower character than they are of this. He mentioned a thousand copies as a numerous impression.

Dennis was not his only censor: the zealous papists thought the monks treated with too much contempt, and Erasmus too studiously praised; but to these objections he had not much regard.

The 'Essay' has been translated into French by Hamilton, author of the 'Comte de Grammont,' whose version was never printed, by Robotham, secretary to the king for Hanover, and by Resnel; and commented by Dr. Warburton, who has discovered in it such order and connexion as was not perceived by Addison, nor, as is said, intended by the author.

Almost every poem, consisting of precepts, is so far arbitrary and immethodical, that many of the paragraphs may change places with no apparent inconvenience; for of two or more positions, depending upon some remote and general principle, there is seldom any cogent reason why one should precede the other. But for the order in which they stand, whatever it be, a little ingenuity may easily give a reason. "It is possible," says Hooker, "that by long circumduction, from any one truth all truth may be inferred." Of all homogeneous truths, at least of all truths respecting the same general end, in whatever series they may be produced, a concatenation by intermediate ideas may be formed, such as, when

it is once shown, shall appear natural; but if this order be reversed, another mode of connexion equally specious may be found or made. Aristotle is praised for naming Fortitude first of the cardinal virtues, as that without which no other virtue can steadily be practised; but he might, with equal propriety, have placed Prudence and Justice before it, since, without Prudence, Fortitude is mad; without Justice, it is mischievous.

As the end of method is perspicuity, that series is sufficiently regular that avoids obscurity; and where there is no obscurity, it will not be difficult to discover method.

In the 'Spectator' was published the 'Messiah,' which he first submitted to the perusal of Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticisms.

It is reasonable to infer, from his Letters, that the verses on the 'Unfortunate Lady' were written about the time when his 'Essay' was published. The lady's name and adventures I have sought with fruitless inquiry².

I can therefore tell no more than I have learned from Mr. Ruffhead, who writes with the confidence of one who could trust his information. She was a woman of eminent rank and large fortune, the ward of an uncle, who, having given her a proper education, expected, like other guardians, that she should make at least an equal match; and such he proposed to her, but found it rejected in favour of a young gentleman of inferior condition.

Having discovered the correspondence between the two lovers, and finding the young lady determined to abide by her own choice, he supposed that separation might do what can rarely be done by arguments; and sent her into a foreign country, where she was obliged to converse only with those from whom her uncle had nothing to fear.

² Consult, however, Gent. Mag. vol. li. p. 314.

Her lover took care to repeat his vows; but his letters were intercepted and carried to her guardian, who directed her to be watched with still greater vigilance, till of this restraint she grew so impatient, that she bribed a woman servant to procure her a sword, which she directed to her heart.

From this account, given with evident intention to raise the lady's character, it does not appear that she had any claim to praise, nor much to compassion. She seems to have been impatient, violent, and ungovernable. Her uncle's power could not have lasted long; the hour of liberty and choice would have come in time. But her desires were too hot for delay, and she liked self-murder better than suspense.

Nor is it discovered that the uncle, whoever he was, is with much justice delivered to posterity as "a false guardian;" he seems to have done only that for which a guardian is appointed; he endeavoured to direct his niece till she should be able to direct herself. Poetry has not often been worse employed than in dignifying the amorous fury of a raving girl.

Not long after, he wrote the 'Rape of the Lock,' the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all his compositions, occasioned by a frolic of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair. This, whether stealth or violence, was so much resented, that the commerce of the two families, before very friendly, was interrupted. Mr. Caryl, a gentleman who, being secretary to King James's Queen, had followed his mistress into France, and who, being the author of 'Sir Solomon Single,' a comedy, and some translations, was entitled to the notice of a wit, solicited Pope to endeavour a reconciliation by a ludicrous poem, which might bring both the parties to a better temper. In compliance

with Caryl's request, though his name was for a long time marked only by the first and last letter, C—I, a poem of two cantos was written (1711), as is said, in a fortnight, and sent to the offended lady, who liked it well enough to show it; and, with the usual process of literary transactions, the author, dreading a surreptitious edition, was forced to publish it.

The event is said to have been such as was desired, the pacification and diversion of all to whom it related, except Sir George Brown, who complained with some bitterness, that, in the character of Sir Plume, he was made to talk nonsense. Whether all this be true I have some doubt; for at Paris a few years ago, a niece of Mrs. Fermor, who presided in an English convent, mentioned Pope's work with very little gratitude, rather as an insult than an honour; and she may be supposed to have inherited the opinion of her family.

At its first appearance it was termed by Addison "merum sal." Pope, however, saw that it was capable of improvement; and, having luckily contrived to borrow his machinery from the Rosicrucians, imparted the scheme with which his head was teeming to Addison, who told him that his work, as it stood, was "a delicious little thing," and gave him no encouragement to retouch it.

This has been too hastily considered as an instance of Addison's jealousy; for, as he could not guess the conduct of the new design, or the possibilities of pleasure comprised in a fiction of which there had been no examples, he might very reasonably and kindly persuade the author to acquiesce in his own prosperity, and forbear an attempt which he considered as an unnecessary hazard.

Addison's counsel was happily rejected. Pope foresaw the future efflorescence of imagery then budding in his mind, and resolved to spare no art, or industry of cultivation. The soft luxuriance of his

fancy was already shooting, and all the gay varieties of diction were ready at his hand to colour and embellish it.

His attempt was justified by its success. The 'Rape of the Lock' stands forward, in the classes of literature, as the most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry. Berkeley congratulated him upon the display of powers more truly poetical than he had shown before: with elegance of description and justness of precepts, he had now exhibited boundless fertility of invention.

He always considered the intermixture of the machinery with the action as his most successful exertion of poetical art. He indeed could never afterwards produce any thing of such unexampled excellence. Those performances, which strike with wonder, are combinations of skilful genius with happy casualty; and it is not likely that any felicity, like the discovery of a new race of preternatural agents, should happen twice to the same man.

Of this poem the author was, I think, allowed to enjoy the praise for a long time without disturbance. Many years afterwards, Dennis published some remarks upon it, with very little force, and with no effect; for the opinion of the public was already settled, and it was no longer at the mercy of criticism.

About this time he published the 'Temple of Fame,' which, as he tells Steele in their correspondence, he had written two years before; that is, when he was only twenty-two years old, an early time of life for so much learning, and so much observation as that work exhibits.

On this poem Dennis afterwards published some remarks, of which the most reasonable is, that some of the lines represent motion as exhibited by sculpture.

Of the epistle from 'Eloisa to Abelard,' I do not

know the date. His first inclination to attempt a composition of that tender kind arose, as Mr. Savage told me, from his perusal of Prior's 'Nut-brown Maid.' How much he has surpassed Prior's work it is not necessary to mention, when perhaps it may be said with justice, that he has excelled every composition of the same kind. The mixture of religious hope and resignation gives an elevation and dignity to disappointed love, which images merely natural cannot bestow. The gloom of a convent strikes the imagination with far greater force than the solitude of a grove.

This piece was, however, not much his favourite in his latter years, though I never heard upon what principle he slighted it.

In the next year (1713) he published 'Windsor Forest;' of which part was, as he relates, written at sixteen, about the same time as his Pastorals; and the latter part was added afterwards; where the addition begins, we are not told. The lines relating to the Peace confess their own date. It is dedicated to Lord Lansdowne, who was then high in reputation and influence among the Tories; and it is said, that the conclusion of the poem gave great pain to Addison, both as a poet and a politician. Reports like this are often spread with boldness very disproportionate to their evidence. Why should Addison receive any particular disturbance from the last lines of 'Windsor Forest?' If contrariety of opinion could poison a politician, he would not live a day; and, as a poet, he must have felt Pope's force of genius much more from many other parts of his works.

The pain that Addison might feel it is not likely that he would confess; and it is certain that he so well suppressed his discontent, that Pope now thought himself his favourite; for, having been consulted in the revisal of 'Cato,' he introduced it by

a Prologue; and, when Dennis published his Remarks, undertook, not indeed to vindicate, but to revenge his friend, by a ‘ Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.’

There is reason to believe that Addison gave no encouragement to this disingenuous hostility; for, says Pope, in a letter to him, “indeed your opinion, that ’tis entirely to be neglected, would be my own in my own case; but I felt more warmth here than I did when I first saw his book against myself, (though indeed in two minutes it made me heartily merry).” Addison was not a man on whom such cant of insensibility could make much impression. He left the pamphlet to itself, having disowned it to Dennis; and perhaps did not think Pope to have deserved much by his officiousness.

This year was printed in the ‘Guardian’ the ironical comparison between the Pastorals of Philips and Pope; a composition of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found. The superiority of Pope is so ingeniously dissembled, and the feeble lines of Philips so skillfully preferred, that Steele, being deceived, was unwilling to print the paper, lest Pope should be offended. Addison immediately saw the writer’s design; and, as it seems, had malice enough to conceal his discovery, and to permit a publication which, by making his friend Philips ridiculous, made him for ever an enemy to Pope.

It appears that about this time Pope had a strong inclination to unite the art of painting with that of poetry, and put himself under the tuition of Jervas. He was near-sighted, and therefore not formed by nature for a painter: he tried, however, how far he could advance, and sometimes persuaded his friends to sit. A picture of Betterton, supposed to be drawn by him, was in the possession of Lord Mansfield³:

³ It is still at Caen Wood.

if this was taken from life, he must have begun to paint earlier; for Betterton was now dead. Pope's ambition of this new art produced some encomiastic verses to Jervas, which certainly show his power as a poet; but I have been told that they betray his ignorance of painting.

He appears to have regarded Betterton with kindness and esteem; and after his death published, under his name, a version into modern English of Chaucer's Prologues, and one of his Tales, which, as was related by Mr. Harte, were believed to have been the performance of Pope himself by Fenton, who made him a gay offer of five pounds, if he would show them in the hand of Betterton.

The next year (1713) produced a bolder attempt, by which profit was sought as well as praise. The poems which he had hitherto written, however they might have diffused his name, had made very little addition to his fortune. The allowance which his father made him, though, proportioned to what he had, it might be liberal, could not be large; his religion hindered him from the occupation of any civil employment; and he complained that he wanted even money to buy books⁴.

He therefore resolved to try how far the favour of the public extended, by soliciting a subscription to a version of the 'Iliad,' with large notes.

To print by subscription was, for some time, a practice peculiar to the English. The first considerable work, for which this expedient was employed, is said to have been Dryden's 'Virgil'⁵; and it had been tried again with great success when the 'Tatlers' were collected into volumes.

There was reason to believe that Pope's attempt

⁴ Spence.

⁵ Milton's 'Paradise Lost' had been published with great success by subscription, in folio, 1688, under the patronage of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Somers.

would be successful. He was in the full bloom of reputation, and was personally known to almost all whom dignity of employment or splendour of reputation had made eminent; he conversed indifferently with both parties, and never disturbed the public with his political opinions; and it might be naturally expected, as each faction then boasted its literary zeal, that the great men, who on other occasions practised all the violence of opposition, would emulate each other in their encouragement of a poet who delighted all, and by whom none had been offended.

With those hopes, he offered an English 'Iliad' to subscribers, in six volumes in quarto, for six guineas; a sum, according to the value of money at that time, by no means inconsiderable, and greater than I believe to have been ever asked before. His proposal, however, was very favourably received; and the patrons of literature were busy to recommend his undertaking, and promote his interest. Lord Oxford, indeed, lamented that such a genius should be wasted upon a work not original; but proposed no means by which he might live without it. Addison recommended caution and moderation, and advised him not to be content with the praise of half the nation, when he might be universally favoured.

The greatness of the design, the popularity of the author, and the attention of the literary world, naturally raised such expectations of the future sale, that the booksellers made their offers with great eagerness; but the highest bidder was Bernard Lintot, who became proprietor on condition of supplying at his own expense all the copies which were to be delivered to subscribers, or presented to friends, and paying two hundred pounds for every volume.

Of the quarto, it was, I believe, stipulated that none should be printed but for the author, that the

subscription might not be depreciated; but Lintot impressed the same pages upon a small folio, and paper perhaps a little thinner; and sold exactly at half the price, for half a guinea each volume, books so little inferior to the quartos, that by a fraud of trade, those folios, being afterwards shortened by cutting away the top and bottom, were sold as copies printed for the subscribers.

Lintot printed two hundred and fifty on royal paper, in folio, for two guineas a volume; of the small folio, having printed seventeen hundred and fifty copies of the first volume, he reduced the number in the other volumes to a thousand.

It is unpleasant to relate that the bookseller, after all his hopes and all his liberality, was, by a very unjust and illegal action, defrauded of his profit. An edition of the 'English Iliad' was printed in Holland in duodecimo, and imported clandestinely for the gratification of those who were impatient to read what they could not yet afford to buy. This fraud could only be counteracted by an edition equally cheap and more commodious; and Lintot was compelled to contract his folio at once into a duodecimo, and lose the advantage of an intermediate gradation. The notes, which in the Dutch copies were placed at the end of each book, as they had been in the large volumes, were now subjoined to the text in the same page, and are therefore more easily consulted. Of this edition two thousand five hundred were first printed, and five thousand a few weeks afterwards; but indeed great numbers were necessary to produce considerable profit.

Pope, having now emitted his proposals, and engaged not only his own reputation, but in some degree that of his friends who patronized his subscription, began to be frightened at his own undertaking; and finding himself at first embarrassed with difficulties, which retarded and oppressed him, he was for

a time timorous and uneasy, had his nights disturbed by dreams of long journeys through unknown ways, and wished, as he said, "that somebody would hang him⁶."

This misery, however, was not of a long continuance; he grew by degrees more acquainted with Homer's images and expressions, and practice increased his facility of versification. In a short time he represents himself as dispatching regularly fifty verses a day, which would show him by an easy computation the termination of his labour.

His own diffidence was not his only vexation. He that asks a subscription soon finds that he has enemies. All who do not encourage him, defame him. He that wants money will rather be thought angry than poor: and he that wishes to save his money conceals his avarice by his malice. Addison had hinted his suspicion that Pope was too much a Tory; and some of the Tories suspected his principles because he had contributed to the 'Guardian,' which was carried on by Steele.

To those who censured his politics were added enemies yet more dangerous, who called in question his knowledge of Greek, and his qualifications for a translator of Homer. To these he made no public opposition; but in one of his Letters escapes from them as well as he can. At an age like his, for he was not more than twenty-five, with an irregular education, and a course of life of which much seems to have passed in conversation, it is not very likely that he overflowed with Greek. But when he felt himself deficient, he sought assistance; and what man of learning would refuse to help him? Minute inquiries into the force of words are less necessary in translating Homer than other poets, because his positions are general, and his representations natural, with very little dependance on local or temporary

⁶ Spence.

customs, on those changeable scenes of artificial life, which, by mingling original with accidental notions, and crowding the mind with images which time effaces, produce ambiguity in diction, and obscurity in books. To this open display of unadulterated nature it must be ascribed, that Homer has fewer passages of doubtful meaning than any other poet either in the learned or in modern languages. I have read of a man, who being, by his ignorance of Greek, compelled to gratify his curiosity with the Latin printed on the opposite page, declared that, from the rude simplicity of the lines literally rendered, he formed nobler ideas of the Homeric majesty, than from the laboured elegance of polished versions.

Those literal translations were always at hand, and from them he could easily obtain his author's sense with sufficient certainty: and among the readers of Homer the number is very small of those who find much in the Greek more than in the Latin, except the music of the numbers.

If more help was wanting, he had the poetical translation of Eobanus Hessus, an unwearied writer of Latin verses; he had the French Homers of La Valteric and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. With Chapman, whose work, though now totally neglected, seems to have been popular almost to the end of the last century, he had very frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which indeed he has been sometimes suspected of using instead of the original.

Notes were likewise to be provided; for the six volumes would have been very little more than six pamphlets without them. What the mere perusal of the text could suggest, Pope wanted no assistance to collect or methodize; but more was necessary; many pages were to be filled, and learning must

supply materials to wit and judgment. Something might be gathered from Dacier; but no man loves to be indebted to his contemporaries, and Dacier was accessible to common readers. Eustathius was therefore necessarily consulted. To read Eustathius, of whose work there was then no Latin version, I suspect Pope, if he had been willing, not to have been able; some other was therefore to be found, who had leisure as well as abilities; and he was doubtless most readily employed who would do much work for little money.

The history of the notes has never been traced. Broome, in his preface to his poems, declares himself the commentator "in part upon the Iliad;" and it appears from Fenton's Letter, preserved in the British Museum, that Broome was at first engaged in consulting Eustathius; but that after a time, whatever was the reason, he desisted; another man of Cambridge was then employed, who soon grew weary of the work; and a third, that was recommended by Thirlby, is now discovered to have been Jortin, a man since well known to the learned world, who complained that Pope, having accepted and approved his performance, never testified any curiosity to see him, and who professed to have forgotten the terms on which he worked. The terms which Fenton uses are very mercantile; "I think at first sight that his performance is very commendable, and have sent word for him to furnish the 17th book, and to send it with his demands for his trouble. I have here enclosed the specimen; if the rest come before the return, I will keep them till I receive your order."

Broome then offered his service a second time, which was probably accepted, as they had afterwards a closer correspondence. Parnell contributed the Life of Homer, which Pope found so harsh, that he took great pains in correcting it; and by his

own diligence, with such help as kindness or money could procure him, in somewhat more than five years he completed his version of the 'Iliad,' with the notes. He began it in 1712, his twenty-fifth year; and concluded it in 1718, his thirtieth year.

When we find him translating fifty lines a day, it is natural to suppose that he would have brought his work to a more speedy conclusion. The 'Iliad,' containing less than sixteen thousand verses, might have been dispatched in less than three hundred and twenty days by fifty verses in a day. The notes, compiled with the assistance of his mercenaries, could not be supposed to require more time than the text.

According to this calculation the progress of Pope may seem to have been slow; but the distance is commonly very great between actual performances and speculative possibility. It is natural to suppose, that as much as has been done to-day, may be done to-morrow; but on the morrow some difficulty emerges, or some external impediment obstructs. Indolence, interruption, business, and pleasure, all take their turns of retardation; and every long work is lengthened by a thousand causes that can, and ten thousand that cannot, be recounted. Perhaps no extensive and multifarious performance was ever effected within the term originally fixed in the undertaker's mind. He that runs against Time has an antagonist not subject to casualties.

The encouragement given to this translation, though report seems to have overrated it, was such as the world has not often seen. The subscribers were five hundred and seventy-five. The copies, for which subscriptions were given, were six hundred and fifty-four; and only six hundred and sixty were printed. For these copies Pope had nothing to pay; he therefore received, including the two hundred pounds a volume, five thousand three hundred and

twenty pounds four shillings without deduction, as the books were supplied by Lintot.

By the success of his subscription Pope was relieved from those pecuniary distresses with which, notwithstanding his popularity, he had hitherto struggled. Lord Oxford had often lamented his disqualification for public employment, but never proposed a pension. While the translation of 'Homer' was in its progress, Mr. Craggs, then secretary of state, offered to procure him a pension, which, at least during his ministry, might be enjoyed with secrecy. This was not accepted by Pope, who told him, however, that, if he should be pressed with want of money, he would send to him for occasional supplies. Craggs was not long in power, and was never solicited for money by Pope, who disdained to beg what he did not want.

With the product of this subscription, which he had too much discretion to squander, he secured his future life from want, by considerable annuities. The estate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to have been charged with five hundred pounds a year, payable to Pope, which doubtless his translation enabled him to purchase.

It cannot be unwelcome to literary curiosity, that I deduce thus minutely the history of the 'English Iliad.' It is certainly the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen; and its publication must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of learning.

To those who have skill to estimate the excellence and difficulty of this great work, it must be very desirable to know how it was performed, and by what gradations it advanced to correctness. Of such an intellectual process the knowledge has very rarely been attainable; but happily there remains the original copy of the 'Iliad,' which, being obtained by Bolingbroke as a curiosity, descended from him to

Between this manuscript, which is written upon accidental fragments of paper, and the printed edition, there must have been an intermediate copy, that was perhaps destroyed as it returned from the press.

From the first copy I have procured a few transcripts, and shall exhibit first the printed lines; then, in a small print, those of the manuscripts, with all their variations. Those words in the small print, which are given in *Italics*, are cancelled in the copy, and the words placed under them adopted in their stead.

The beginning of the first book stands thus:

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of all the Grecian woes, O Goddess, sing,
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain.

The stern Pelides' *rage*, O Goddess, sing.
wrath

Of all the woes *of Greece* the fatal spring,
Grecian

That strew'd with warriors dead the Phrygian plain,
heroes

And peopled the dark hell with heroes slain;
fill'd the shady hell with chiefs untimely

Whose limbs, unburied on the naked shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore,
Since great *Achilles* and *Atrides* strove ;
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Whose limbs, unburied on the hostile shore,
Devouring dogs and greedy vultures tore,
Since first *Atrides* and *Achilles* strove ;
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove.

Declare, O Muse, in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended Power ?
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead ;

But, oh ! relieve a wretched parent's pain,
 And give Chryseis to these arms again ;
 If mercy fail, yet let my present move,
 And dread avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

But, oh ! relieve a hapless parent's pain,
 And give my daughter to these arms again ;
Receive my gifts ; if mercy fails, yet let my present move,
And fear the God that deals his darts around.
 avenging Phœbus, son of Jove.

The Greeks, in shouts, their joint assent declare
 The priest to reverence, and release the fair.
 Not so Atrides ; he with kingly pride,
 Repuls'd the sacred Sire, and thus reply'd.

He said, the Greeks their joint assent declare,
The father said, the gen'rous Greeks relent,
 T' accept the ransom, and release the fair :
Revere the priest, and speak their joint assent :
 Not so *the tyrant*, he, with kingly pride,
 Atrides
 Repuls'd the sacred Sire, and thus reply'd.
 [Not so the tyrant. DRYDEN.]

Of these lines, and of the whole first book, I am told that there was yet a former copy, more varied, and more deformed with interlineations.

The beginning of the second book varies very little from the printed page, and is therefore set down without a parallel ; the few differences do not require to be elaborately displayed.

Now pleasing sleep had seal'd each mortal eye :
 Stretch'd in their tents the Grecian leaders lie ;
 Th' Immortals slumber'd on their thrones above,
 All but the ever-watchful eye of Jove.
 To honour Thetis' son he bends his care,
 And plunge the Greeks in all the woes of war.
 Then bids an empty phantom rise to sight,
 And thus *commands* the vision of the night :
 directs
 Fly hence, delusive dream, and, light as air,
 To Agamemnon's royal tent repair ;
 Bid him in arms draw forth th' embattled train,
 March all his legions to the dusty plain.

Now tell the King 'tis given him to destroy
 Declare ev'n now
 The lofty *walls* of wide-extended Troy ;
 tow'rs
 For now no more the Gods with Fate contend ;
 At Juno's suit the heavenly factions end.
 Destruction *hovers* o'er yon devoted wall,
 hangs
 And nodding Ilium waits th' impending fall.

Invocation to the catalogue of Ships.

Say, Virgins, seated round the throne divine,
 All-knowing Goddesses! immortal Nine!
 Since Earth's wide regions, Heaven's unmeasur'd height,
 And Hell's abyss, hide nothing from your sight,
 (We, wretched mortals! lost in doubts below,
 But guess by rumour, and but boast we know)
 Oh! say what heroes, fir'd by thirst of fame,
 Or urg'd by wrongs, to Troy's destruction came!
 To count them all, demands a thousand tongues,
 A throat of brass and adamantine lungs.

Now, Virgin Goddesses, immortal Nine!
 That round Olympus' heavenly summit shine,
 Who see through Heaven and Earth, and Hell profound,
 And all things know, and all things can resound!
 Relate what armies sought the Trojan land,
 What nations follow'd, and what chiefs command;
 (For doubtful fame distracts mankind below,
 And nothing can we tell, and nothing know)
 Without your aid, to count th' unnumber'd train,
 A thousand mouths, a thousand tongues, were vain.

BOOK V. VER. I.

But Pallas now Tydides' soul inspires,
 Fills with her force, and warms with all her fires;
 Above the Greeks his deathless fame to raise,
 And crown her hero with distinguish'd praise.
 High on his helm celestial lightnings play,
 His beamy shield emits a living ray;
 Th' unwearied blaze incessant streams supplies,
 Like the red star that fires the' autumnal skies.

But Pallas now, Tydides' soul inspires;
 Fills with her *rage*, and warms with all her fires;
 force,

When first he rears his radiant orb to sight,
And bath'd in Ocean, shoots a keener light.
Such glories Pallas on the chief bestow'd,
Such from his arms the fierce effulgence flow'd ;
Onward she drives him, furious to engage,
Where the fight burns, and where the thickest rage.

Where the *war bleeds*, and where the *fiercest* rage.
fight burns, thickest

There liv'd a Trojan—Dares was his name,
The priest of Vulcan, rich, yet void of blame;
The sons of Dares first the combat sought,
A wealthy priest, but rich without a fault.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er Heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;

Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
 O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
 And tip with silver every mountain's head;
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies;
 The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
 So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
 And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
 The long reflections of the distant fires
 Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.
 A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
 And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
 Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
 Whose unnumber'd arms by fits thick flashes send;
 Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
 And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

As when in stillness of the silent night,
 As when the moon in all her lustre bright;
 As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 O'er Heaven's *clear* azure *sheds* her *silver* light.

pure spreads sacred
 As still in air the trembling lustre stood,
 And o'er its golden border shoots a flood;
 When *no loose gale* disturbs the deep serene,
 not a breath
 And *no dim* cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
 not a

Around her silver throne the planets glow,
 And stars unnumber'd trembling beams bestow:
 Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
 And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
 Clear gleams of light o'er the dark trees are seen,
 o'er the dark trees a yellow sheds,
 O'er the dark trees a yellower *green* they shed,
 gleam
 verdure

And tip with silver all the *mountain* heads
 forest

And tip with silver every mountain's head.
 The vallies open, and the forests rise,
 The vales appear, the rocks in prospect rise,
 Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
 All nature stands reveal'd before our eyes;
 A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.
 The conscious shepherd, joyful at the sight,
 Eyes the blue vault, and numbers every light.

The conscious *swains rejoicing at the sight,*
 shepherds gazing with delight
 Eye the blue vault, and bless the *virid light,*
 glorious
 useful

So many flames before *the navy* blaze,
proud Ilion

And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
Wide o'er the fields to Troy extend the gleams,
And tip the distant spires with fainter beams;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gild the high walls, and tremble on the spires;
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires:
A thousand fires at distant stations bright,
Gild the dark prospect, and dispel the night.

Of these specimens every man who has cultivated poetry, or who delights to trace the mind from the rudeness of its first conceptions to the elegance of its last, will naturally desire a greater number; but most other readers are already tired, and I am not writing only to poets and philosophers.

The 'Iliad' was published volume by volume, as the translation proceeded: the four first books appeared in 1715. The expectation of this work was undoubtedly high, and every man who had connected his name with criticism, or poetry, was desirous of such intelligence as might enable him to talk upon the popular topic. Halifax, who, by having been first a poet, and then a patron of poetry, had acquired the right of being a judge, was willing to hear some books while they were yet unpublished. Of this rehearsal Pope afterwards gave the following account⁷.

“The famous Lord Halifax was rather a pretender to taste, than really possessed of it.—When I had finished the two or three first books of my translation of the ‘*Iliad*,’ that lord desired to have the pleasure of hearing them read at his house.—Addison, Congreve, and Garth, were there at the reading.

⁷ Spence.

In four or five places, Lord Halifax stopped me very civilly, and with a speech each time of much the same kind, 'I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope; but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place, and consider it a little at your leisure.—I am sure you can give it a little turn.'—I returned from Lord Halifax's with Dr. Garth, in his chariot; and, as we were going along, was saying to the Doctor, that my lord had laid me under a great deal of difficulty by such loose and general observations: that I had been thinking over the passages almost ever since, and could not guess at what it was that offended his lordship in either of them. Garth laughed heartily at my embarrassment; said, I had not been long enough acquainted with Lord Halifax to know his way yet; that I need not puzzle myself about looking those places over and over when I got home. 'All you need do (says he) is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered. I have known him much longer than you have, and will be answerable for the event.' I followed his advice; waited on Lord Halifax some time after; said, I hoped he would find his objections to those passages removed; read them to him exactly as they were at first; and his lordship was extremely pleased with them, and cried out, 'Ay, now they are perfectly right: nothing can be better'."

It is seldom that the great or the wise suspect that they are despised or cheated. Halifax, thinking this a lucky opportunity of securing immortality, made some advances of favour and some overtures of advantage to Pope, which he seems to have received with sullen coldness. All our knowledge of this transaction is derived from a single letter (Dec. 1, 1714), in which Pope says, "I am obliged to you,

both for the favours you have done me, and those you intend me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if I ever become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your lordship may cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: but, if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much (as I sincerely am) yours, &c."

These voluntary offers, and this faint acceptance, ended without effect. The patron was not accustomed to such frigid gratitude: and the poet fed his own pride with the dignity of independence. They probably were suspicious of each other. Pope would not dedicate till he saw at what rate his praise was valued; he would be "troublesome out of gratitude, not expectation." Halifax thought himself entitled to confidence; and would give nothing, unless he knew what he should receive. Their commerce had its beginning in hope of praise on one side, and of money on the other, and ended because Pope was less eager of money than Halifax of praise. It is not likely that Halifax had any personal benevolence to Pope; it is evident that Pope looked on Halifax with scorn and hatred.

The reputation of this great work failed of gaining him a patron; but it deprived him of a friend. Addison and he were now at the head of poetry and criticism; and both in such a state of elevation, that, like the two rivals in the Roman state, one could no longer bear an equal, nor the other a superior. Of the gradual abatement of kindness between friends,

the beginning is often scarcely discernible to themselves, and the process is continued by petty provocations, and incivilities sometimes peevishly returned, and sometimes contemptuously neglected, which would escape all attention but that of pride, and drop from any memory but that of resentment. That the quarrel of these two wits should be minutely deduced, is not to be expected from a writer to whom, as Homer says, "nothing but rumour had reached, and who has no personal knowledge."

Pope doubtless approached Addison, when the reputation of their wit first brought them together, with the respect due to a man whose abilities were acknowledged, and who, having attained that eminence to which he was himself aspiring, had in his hands the distribution of literary fame. He paid court with sufficient diligence by his Prologue to 'Cato,' by his abuse of Dennis, and with praise yet more direct, by his poem on the 'Dialogues on Medals,' of which the immediate publication was then intended. In all this there was no hypocrisy; for he confessed that he found in Addison something more pleasing than in any other man.

It may be supposed, that as Pope saw himself favoured by the world, and more frequently compared his own powers with those of others, his confidence increased, and his submission lessened; and that Addison felt no delight from the advances of a young wit, who might soon contend with him for the highest place. Every great man, of whatever kind be his greatness, has among his friends those who officiously or insidiously quicken his attention to offences, heighten his disgust, and stimulate his resentment. Of such adherents Addison doubtless had many; and Pope was now too high to be without them.

From the emission and reception of the proposals for the 'Iliad,' the kindness of Addison seems to have abated. Jervas the painter once pleased him-

self (Aug. 20, 1714) with imagining that he had re-established their friendship; and wrote to Pope that Addison once suspected him of too close a confederacy with Swift, but was now satisfied with his conduct. To this Pope answered, a week after, that his engagements to Swift were such as his services in regard to the subscription demanded, and that the Tories never put him under the necessity of asking leave to be grateful. "But," says he, "as Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and seems to have no very just one in regard to me, so I must own to you I expect nothing but civility from him." In the same letter he mentions Philips, as having been busy to kindle animosity between them; but in a letter to Addison, he expresses some consciousness of behaviour inattentively deficient in respect.

Of Swift's industry in promoting the subscription there remains the testimony of Kennet, no friend to either him or Pope.

"Nov. 2, 1713, Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from every body but me, who, I confess, could not but despise him. When I came to the anti-chamber to wait, before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests.—Then he instructed a young nobleman that the *best Poet in England* was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which *he must have them all subscribe*; for, says he, the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him."

About this time it is likely that Steele, who was, with all his political fury, good-natured and officious, procured an interview between these angry rivals, which ended in aggravated malevolence. On this occasion, if the reports be true, Pope made his complaint with frankness and spirit, as a man undeservedly neglected or opposed; and Addison affected

a contemptuous unconcern, and, in a calm even voice, reproached Pope with his vanity, and, telling him of the improvements which his early works had received from his own remarks and those of Steele, said, that he, being now engaged in public business, had no longer any care for his poetical reputation, nor had any other desire, with regard to Pope, than that he should not, by too much arrogance, alienate the public.

To this Pope is said to have replied with great keenness and severity, upbraiding Addison with perpetual dependance, and with the abuse of those qualifications which he had obtained at the public cost, and charging him with mean endeavours to obstruct the progress of rising merit. The contest rose so high, that they parted at last without any interchange of civility.

The first volume of ‘Homer’ was (1715) in time published; and a rival version of the first ‘Iliad,’ for rivals the time of their appearance inevitably made them, was immediately printed, with the name of Tickell. It was soon perceived that, among the followers of Addison, Tickell had the preference, and the critics and poets divided into factions. “I,” says Pope, “have the town, that is, the mob, on my side; but it is not uncommon for the smaller party to supply by industry what it wants in numbers.—I appeal to the people as my rightful judges, and, while they are not inclined to condemn me, shall not fear the high-flyers at Button’s.” This opposition he immediately imputed to Addison, and complained of it in terms sufficiently resentful to Craggs, their common friend.

When Addison’s opinion was asked, he declared the versions to be both good, but Tickell’s the best that had ever been written; and sometimes said, that they were both good, but that Tickell had more of Homer.

Pope was now sufficiently irritated ; his reputation and his interest were at hazard. He once intended to print together the four versions of Dryden, Maynwaring, Pope, and Tickell, that they might be readily compared, and fairly estimated. This design seems to have been defeated by the refusal of Tonson, who was the proprietor of the other three versions.

Pope intended, at another time, a rigorous criticism of Tickell's translation, and had marked a copy, which I have seen, in all places that appeared defective. But, while he was thus meditating defence or revenge, his adversary sunk before him without a blow ; the voice of the public was not long divided, and the preference was universally given to Pope's performance.

He was convinced, by adding one circumstance to another, that the other translation was the work of Addison himself ; but, if he knew it in Addison's life-time, it does not appear that he told it. He left his illustrious antagonist to be punished by what has been considered as the most painful of all reflections, the remembrance of a crime perpetrated in vain.

The other circumstances of their quarrel were thus related by Pope ^s.

"Philips seemed to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses, and conversations : and Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had abused both me and my relations very grossly. Lord Warwick himself told me one day, that it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison ; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us ; and, to convince me of what he had said, assured me, that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published. The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him

^s Spence.

know that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that, if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should be not in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him, himself, fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner: I then adjoined my first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after⁹."

The verses on Addison, when they were sent to Atterbury, were considered by him as the most excellent of Pope's performances; and the writer was advised, since he knew where his strength lay, not to suffer it to remain unemployed.

This year (1715) being, by the subscription, enabled to live more by choice, having persuaded his father to sell their estate at Binfield, he purchased, I think only for his life, that house at Twickenham to which his residence afterwards procured so much celebration, and removed thither with his father and mother.

Here he planted the vines and the quincunx which his verses mention; and being under the necessity of making a subterraneous passage to a garden on the other side of the road, he adorned it with fossile bodies, and dignified it with the title of a grotto, a place of silence and retreat, from which he endeavoured to persuade his friends and himself that cares and passions could be excluded.

A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman, who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden, and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage.

⁹ See, however, Addison's Life, in the *Biographia Britannica*.

It may be frequently remarked of the studious and speculative, that they are proud of trifles, and that their amusements seem frivolous and childish; whether it be that men, conscious of great reputation, think themselves above the reach of censure, and safe in the admission of negligent indulgences, or that mankind expect from elevated genius an uniformity of greatness, and watch its degradation with malicious wonder; like him who, having followed with his eye an eagle into the clouds, should lament that she ever descended to a perch.

While the volumes of his ‘Homer’ were annually published, he collected his former works (1717) into one quarto volume, to which he prefixed a Preface, written with great sprightliness and elegance, which was afterwards reprinted, with some passages subjoined that he at first omitted; other marginal additions of the same kind he made in the later editions of his poems. Waller remarks, that poets lose half their praise, because the reader knows not what they have blotted. Pope’s voracity of fame taught him the art of obtaining the accumulated honour, both of what he had published, and of what he had suppressed.

In this year his father died suddenly, in his seventy-fifth year, having passed twenty-nine years in privacy. He is not known but by the character which his son has given him. If the money with which he retired was all gotten by himself, he had traded very successfully in times when sudden riches were rarely attainable.

The publication of the ‘Iliad’ was at last completed in 1720. The splendour and success of this work raised Pope many enemies, that endeavoured to depreciate his abilities. Burnet, who was afterwards a judge of no mean reputation, censured him, in a piece called ‘Homerides,’ before it was published. Duckett likewise endeavoured to make him

ridiculous. Dennis was the perpetual persecutor of all his studies. But, whoever his critics were, their writings are lost: and the names which are preserved, are preserved in the 'Dunciad.'

In this disastrous year (1720) of national infatuation, when more riches than Peru can boast were expected from the South Sea, when the contagion of avarice tainted every mind, and even poets panted after wealth, Pope was seized with the universal passion, and ventured some of his money. The stock rose in its price; and for awhile he thought himself the lord of thousands. But this dream of happiness did not last long; and he seems to have waked soon enough to get clear with the loss of what he once thought himself to have won, and perhaps not wholly of that.

Next year he published some select poems of his friend Dr. Parnell, with a very elegant Dedication to the Earl of Oxford; who, after all his struggles and dangers, then lived in retirement, still under the frown of a victorious faction, who could take no pleasure in hearing his praise.

He gave the same year (1721) an edition of Shakespeare. His name was now of so much authority, that Tonson thought himself entitled, by annexing it, to demand a subscription of six guineas for Shakespeare's plays, in six quarto volumes; nor did his expectation much deceive him; for, of seven hundred and fifty which he printed, he dispersed a great number at the price proposed. The reputation of that edition indeed sunk afterwards so low, that one hundred and forty copies were sold at sixteen shillings each.

On this undertaking, to which Pope was induced by a reward of two hundred and seventeen pounds twelve shillings, he seems never to have reflected afterwards without vexation; for Theobald, a man of heavy diligence, with very slender powers, first

in a book called 'Shakspeare Restored,' and then in a formal edition, detected his deficiencies with all the insolence of victory; and, as he was now high enough to be feared and hated, Theobald had from others all the help that could be supplied by the desire of humbling a haughty character.

From this time Pope became an enemy to editors, collators, commentators, and verbal critics; and hoped to persuade the world, that he miscarried in this undertaking only by having a mind too great for such minute employment.

Pope in his edition undoubtedly did many things wrong, and left many things undone; but let him not be defrauded of his due praise. He was the first that knew, at least the first that told, by what helps the text might be improved. If he inspected the early editions negligently, he taught others to be more accurate. In his Preface he expanded with great skill and elegance the character which had been given of Shakspeare by Dryden; and he drew the public attention upon his works, which, though often mentioned, had been little read.

Soon after the appearance of the 'Iliad,' resolving not to let the general kindness cool, he published proposals for a translation of the 'Odyssey,' in five volumes, for five guineas. He was willing, however, now to have associates in his labour, being either weary with toiling upon another's thoughts, or having heard, as Ruffhead relates, that Fenton and Broome had already begun the work, and liking better to have them confederates than rivals.

In the patent, instead of saying that he had "translated the Odyssey," as he had said of the 'Iliad,' he says, that he had "undertaken" a translation; and in the proposals the subscription is said to be not solely for his own use, but for that of "two of his friends who have assisted him in this work."

In 1723, while he was engaged in this new version,

he appeared before the Lords at the memorable trial of Bishop Atterbury, with whom he had lived in great familiarity, and frequent correspondence. Atterbury had honestly recommended to him the study of the Popish controversy, in hope of his conversion; to which Pope answered in a manner that cannot much recommend his principles, or his judgment. In questions and projects of learning, they agreed better. He was called at the trial to give an account of Atterbury's domestic life, and private employment, that it might appear how little time he had left for plots. Pope had but few words to utter, and in those few he made several blunders.

His letters to Atterbury express the utmost esteem, tenderness, and gratitude; "perhaps," says he, "it is not only in this world that I may have cause to remember the Bishop of Rochester." At their last interview in the Tower, Atterbury presented him with a Bible.

Of the 'Odyssey' Pope translated only twelve books; the rest were the work of Broome and Fenton: the notes were written wholly by Broome, who was not over liberally rewarded. The public was carefully kept ignorant of the several shares; and an account was subjoined at the conclusion, which is now known not to be true.

The first copy of Pope's books, with those of Fenton, are to be seen in the Museum. The parts of Pope are less interlined than the 'Iliad,' and the latter books of the 'Iliad' less than the former. He grew dexterous by practice, and every sheet enabled him to write the next with more facility. The books of Fenton have very few alterations by the hand of Pope. Those of Broome have not been found; but Pope complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble in correcting them.

His contract with Lintot was the same as for the 'Iliad,' except that only one hundred pounds were

to be paid him for each volume. The number of subscribers were five hundred and seventy-four, and of copies eight hundred and nineteen; so that his profit, when he had paid his assistants, was still very considerable. The work was finished in 1725; and from that time he resolved to make no more translations.

The sale did not answer Lintot's expectation; and he then pretended to discover something of fraud in Pope, and commenced or threatened a suit in Chancery.

On the English 'Odyssey,' a criticism was published by Spence, at that time Prelector of Poetry at Oxford; a man whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful. His criticism, however, was commonly just; what he thought, he thought rightly; and his remarks were recommended by his coolness and candour. In him Pope had the first experience of a critic without malevolence, who thought it as much his duty to display beauties as expose faults; who censured with respect, and praised with alacrity.

With this criticism Pope was so little offended, that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity, attended him in his last hours, and compiled memorials of his conversation. The regard of Pope recommended him to the great and powerful; and he obtained very valuable preferments in the church.

Not long after, Pope was returning home from a visit in a friend's coach, which, in passing a bridge, was overturned into the water; the windows were closed, and being unable to force them open, he was in danger of immediate death, when the postillion snatched him out by breaking the glass, of which the fragments cut two of his fingers in such a manner that he lost their use.

Voltaire, who was then in England, sent him a

letter of consolation. He had been entertained by Pope at his table, where he talked with so much grossness, that Mrs. Pope was driven from the room. Pope discovered, by a trick, that he was a spy for the court, and never considered him as a man worthy of confidence.

He soon afterwards (1727) joined with Swift, who was then in England, to publish three volumes of 'Miscellanies,' in which, amongst other things, he inserted the 'Memoirs of a Parish Clerk,' in ridicule of Burnet's importance in his own History, and a 'Debate upon Black and White Horses,' written in all the formalities of a legal process, by the assistance, as is said, of Mr. Fortescue, afterwards Master of the Rolls. Before these 'Miscellanies' is a preface signed by Swift and Pope, but apparently written by Pope; in which he makes a ridiculous and romantic complaint of the robberies committed upon authors by the clandestine seizure and sale of their papers. He tells, in tragic strains, how "the cabinets of the sick, and the closets of the dead, have been broken open and ransacked;" as if those violences were often committed for papers of uncertain and accidental value, which are rarely provoked by real treasures; as if epigrams and essays were in danger where gold and diamonds are safe. A cat hunted for his musk is, according to Pope's account, but the emblem of a wit winded by booksellers.

His complaint, however, received some attestation; for the same year the Letters, written by him to Mr. Cromwell in his youth, were sold by Mrs. Thomas to Curll, who printed them.

In these Miscellanies was first published the 'Art of Sinking in Poetry,' which, by such a train of consequences as usually passes in literary quarrels, gave, in a short time, according to Pope's account, occasion to the 'Dunciad.'

In the following year (1728) he began to put

Atterbury's advice in practice ; and showed his satirical powers by publishing the 'Dunciad,' one of his greatest and most elaborate performances, in which he endeavoured to sink into contempt all the writers by whom he had been attacked, and some others whom he thought unable to defend themselves.

At the head of the dunces he placed poor Theobald, whom he accused of ingratitude ; but whose real crime was supposed to be that of having revised Shakspeare more happily than himself. This satire had the effect which he intended, by blasting the characters which it touched. Ralph, who, unnecessarily interposing in the quarrel, got a place in a subsequent edition, complained that for a time he was in danger of starving, as the booksellers had no longer any confidence in his capacity.

The prevalence of this poem was gradual and slow : the plan, if not wholly new, was little understood by common readers. Many of the allusions required illustration ; the names were often expressed only by the initial and final letters, and, if they had been printed at length, were such as few had known or recollected. The subject itself had nothing generally interesting, for whom did it concern to know that one or another scribbler was a dunce ? If, therefore, it had been possible for those who were attacked to conceal their pain and their resentment, the 'Dunciad' might have made its way very slowly in the world.

This, however, was not to be expected : every man is of importance to himself, and therefore, in his own opinion, to others ; and, supposing the world already acquainted with all his pleasures and his pains, is perhaps the first to publish injuries or misfortunes, which had never been known unless related by himself, and at which those that hear them will only laugh ; for no man sympathizes with the sorrows of vanity.

The history of the 'Dunciad' is very minutely related by Pope himself, in a Dedication which he wrote to Lord Middlesex, in the name of Savage.

"I will relate the 'War of the Dunces' (for so it has been commonly called), which began in the year 1727, and ended in 1730.

"When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, for reasons specified in the Preface to their 'Miscellanies,' to publish such little pieces of theirs as had casually got abroad, there was added to them the 'Treatise of the Bathos,' or the 'Art of Sinking in Poetry.' It happened that, in one chapter of this piece, the several species of bad poets were ranged in classes, to which were prefixed almost all the letters of the alphabet (the greatest part of them at random:) but such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself: all fell into so violent a fury, that, for half a year or more, the common newspapers, in most of which they had some property, (as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no way to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years during the uncontrolled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure.

"This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since, to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes that, by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that

gave birth to the 'Dunciad;' and he thought it an happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to this design.

"On the 12th of March, 1729, at St. James's, that poem was presented to the King and Queen (who had before been pleased to read it) by the right honourable Sir Robert Walpole; and, some days after, the whole impression was taken and dispersed by several noblemen and persons of the first distinction.

"It is certainly a true observation, that no people are so impatient of censure as those who are the greatest slanderers, which was wonderfully exemplified on this occasion. On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop; entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay cries of treason, were all employed to hinder the coming out of the 'Dunciad;' on the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great efforts to procure it. What could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the public? There was no stopping a torrent with a finger; so out it came.

"Many ludicrous circumstances attended it. The Dunces, (for by this name they were called) held weekly clubs, to consult of hostilities against the author; one wrote a letter to a great minister, assuring him that Mr. Pope was the greatest enemy the government had; and another bought his image in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which sad sort of satisfaction the gentlemen were a little comforted.

"Some false editions of the book having an owl in their frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in his stead an ass laden with authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same ass, the new edition in octavo returned for distinction to the owl again. Hence arose a great contest of booksellers against booksellers, and ad-

vertisements against advertisements; some recommending the edition of the owl, and others the edition of the ass; by which name they came to be distinguished, to the great honour also of the gentlemen of the 'Dunciad'."

Pope appears by this narrative to have contemplated his victory over the Dunces with great exultation; and such was his delight in the tumult which he had raised, that for a while his natural sensibility was suspended, and he read reproaches and invectives without emotion, considering them only as the necessary effects of that pain which he rejoiced in having given.

It cannot however be concealed that, by his own confession, he was the aggressor: for nobody believes that the letters in the 'Bathos' were placed at random: and it may be discovered that, when he thinks himself concealed, he indulges the common vanity of common men, and triumphs in those distinctions which he had affected to despise. He is proud that his book was presented to the king and queen by the right honourable Sir Robert Walpole; he is proud that they had read it before; he is proud that the edition was taken 'off by the nobility and persons of the first distinction.

The edition of which he speaks was, I believe, that which, by telling in the text the names, and in the notes the characters, of those whom he had satirized, was made intelligible and diverting. The critics had now declared their approbation of the plan, and the common reader began to like it without fear; those who were strangers to petty literature, and therefore unable to decipher initials and blanks, had now names and persons brought within their view; and delighted in the visible effect of those shafts of malice, which they had hitherto contemplated as shot into the air.

Dennis, upon the fresh provocation now given

him, renewed the enmity which had for a time been appeased by mutual civilities; and published remarks, which he had till then suppressed, upon the 'Rape of the Lock.' Many more grumbled in secret, or vented their resentment in the newspapers by epigrams or invectives.

Ducket, indeed, being mentioned as loving Burnet with "pious passion," pretended that his moral character was injured, and for some time declared his resolution to take vengeance with a cudgel. But Pope appeased him, by changing "pious passion" to "cordial friendship;" and by a note, in which he vehemently disclaims the malignity of meaning imputed to the first expression.

Aaron Hill, who was represented as diving for the prize, expostulated with Pope in a manner so much superior to all mean solicitation, that Pope was reduced to sneak and shuffle, sometimes to deny, and sometimes to apologize; he first endeavours to wound, and is then afraid to own that he meant a blow.

The 'Dunciad,' in the complete edition, is addressed to Dr. Swift: of the notes, part were written by Dr. Arbuthnot; and an apologetical letter was prefixed, signed by Cleland, but supposed to have been written by Pope.

After this general war upon Dulness, he seems to have indulged himself awhile in tranquillity: but his subsequent productions prove that he was not idle. He published (1731) a poem on 'Taste,' in which he very particularly and severely criticises the house, the furniture, the gardens, and the entertainments, of Timon, a man of great wealth and little taste. By Timon he was universally supposed, and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said, to mean the Duke of Chandos; a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who

had consequently the voice of the public in his favour.

A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation.

The receipt of the thousand pounds Pope publicly denied; but, from the reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of escaping. The name of Cleland was again employed in an apology, by which no man was satisfied; and he was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavour to make that disbelieved which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the duke, which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions. He said, that to have ridiculed his taste, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been less easily excused.

Pope, in one of his letters, complaining of the treatment which his poem had found, "owns that such critics can intimidate him, nay almost persuade him to write no more, which is a compliment this age deserves." The man who threatens the world is always ridiculous; for the world can easily go on without him, and in a short time will cease to miss him. I have heard of an idiot, who used to revenge his vexations by lying all night upon the bridge. "There is nothing," says Juvenal, "that a man will not believe in his own favour." Pope had been flattered till he thought himself one of the moving powers in the system of life. When he talked of laying down his pen, those who sat round him en-

treated and implored; and self-love did not suffer him to suspect that they went away and laughed.

The following year deprived him of Gay, a man whom he had known early, and whom he seemed to love with more tenderness than any other of his literary friends. Pope was now forty-four years old; an age at which the mind begins less easily to admit new confidence, and the will to grow less flexible: and when, therefore, the departure of an old friend is very acutely felt.

In the next year he lost his mother, not by an unexpected death, for she had lasted to the age of ninety-three; but she did not die unlamented. The filial piety of Pope was in the highest degree amiable and exemplary; his parents had the happiness of living till he was at the summit of poetical reputation, till he was at ease in his fortune, and without a rival in his fame, and found no diminution of his respect or tenderness. Whatever was his pride, to them he was obedient; and whatever was his irritability, to them he was gentle. Life has, among its soothing and quiet comforts, few things better to give than such a son.

One of the passages of Pope's life, which seems to deserve some inquiry, was a publication of Letters between him and many of his friends, which falling into the hands of Curll, a rapacious bookseller of no good fame, were by him printed and sold. This volume, containing some Letters from noblemen, Pope incited a prosecution against him in the House of Lords for breach of privilege, and attended himself to stimulate the resentment of his friends. Curll appeared at the bar, and, knowing himself in no great danger, spoke of Pope with very little reverence: "He has," said Curll, "a knack at versifying, but in prose I think myself a match for him." When the orders of the House were examined, none of them appeared to have been infringed; Curll went

away triumphant; and Pope was left to seek some other remedy.

Curll's account was, that one evening a man in a clergyman's gown, but with a lawyer's band, brought and offered to sale a number of printed volumes, which he found to be Pope's epistolary correspondence; that he asked no name, and was told none, but gave the price demanded, and thought himself authorized to use his purchase to his own advantage.

That Curll gave a true account of the transaction it is reasonable to believe, because no falsehood was ever detected; and when, some years afterwards, I mentioned it to Lintot, the son of Bernard, he declared his opinion to be, that Pope knew better than any body else how Curll obtained the copies, because another parcel was at the same time sent to himself for which no price had ever been demanded, as he made known his resolution not to pay a porter, and consequently not to deal with a nameless agent.

Such care had been taken to make them public, that they were sent at once to two booksellers; to Curll, who was likely to seize them as a prey; and to Lintot, who might be expected to give Pope information of the seeming injury. Lintot, I believe, did nothing: and Curll did what was expected. That to make them public was the only purpose may be reasonably supposed, because the numbers, offered to sale by the private messengers, showed that hope of gain could not have been the motive of the impression.

It seems that Pope, being desirous of printing his Letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, contrived an appearance of compulsion; that when he could complain that his Letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself.

Pope's private correspondence, thus promulgated, filled the nation with praises of his candour, tenderness, and benevolence, the purity of his purposes, and the fidelity of his friendship. There were some letters which a very good or a very wise man would wish suppressed; but, as they had been already exposed, it was impracticable now to retract them.

From the perusal of those Letters, Mr. Allen first conceived the desire of knowing him; and with so much zeal did he cultivate the friendship which he had newly formed, that, when Pope told his purpose of vindicating his own property by a genuine edition he offered to pay the cost.

This however Pope did not accept; but in time solicited a subscription for a quarto volume, which appeared (1737), I believe with sufficient profit. In the Preface he tells, that his Letters were repositied in a friend's library, said to be the Earl of Oxford's, and that the copy thence stolen was sent to the press. The story was doubtless received with different degrees of credit. It may be suspected that the Preface to the 'Miscellanies' was written to prepare the public for such an incident; and to strengthen this opinion, James Worsdale, a painter, who was employed in clandestine negotiations, but whose veracity was very doubtful, declared that he was the messenger who carried, by Pope's direction, the books to Curll.

When they were thus published and avowed, as they had relation to recent facts, and persons either then living or not yet forgotten, they may be supposed to have found readers; but as the facts were minute, and the characters, being either private or literary, were little known, or little regarded, they awakened no popular kindness or resentment; the book never became much the subject of conversation; some read it as a contemporary history, and

some perhaps as a model of epistolary language; but those who read it did not talk of it. Not much therefore was added by it to fame or envy; nor do I remember that it produced either public praise or public censure.

It had, however, in some degree, the recommendation of novelty. Our language had few Letters, except those of statesmen. Howel, indeed, about a century ago, published his Letters, which are commended by Morhoff, and which alone, of his hundred volumes, continue his memory. Loveday's Letters were printed only once; those of Herbert and Suekling are hardly known. Mrs. Phillips's [Orinda's] are equally neglected. And those of Walsh seem written as exercises, and were never sent to any living mistress or friend. Pope's epistolary excellence had an open field; he had no English rival living or dead.

Pope is seen in this collection as connected with the other contemporary wits, and certainly suffers no disgrace in the comparison; but it must be remembered, that he had the power of favouring himself; he might have originally had publication in his mind, and have written with care, or have afterwards selected those which he had most happily conceived, or most diligently laboured; and I know not whether there does not appear something more studied and artificial in his productions than the rest, except one long letter by Bolingbroke, composed with the skill and industry of a professed author. It is indeed not easy to distinguish affectation from habit: he that has once studiously formed a style rarely writes afterwards with complete ease. Pope may be said to write always with his reputation in his head: Swift, perhaps, like a man who remembered he was writing to Pope; but Arbuthnot, like one who lets thoughts drop from his pen as they rise into his mind.

Before these Letters appeared, he published the first part of what he persuaded himself to think a System of Ethics, under the title of an 'Essay on Man;' which, if his letter to Swift (of Sept. 14, 1735), be rightly explained by the commentator, had been eight years under his consideration, and of which he seems to have desired the success with great solicitude. He had now many open, and doubtless many secret enemies. The Dunces were yet smarting with the war; and the superiority which he publicly arrogated, disposed the world to wish his humiliation.

All this he knew, and against all this he provided. His own name, and that of his friend to whom the work is inscribed, were in the first editions carefully suppressed; and the poem being of a new kind, was ascribed to one or another, as favour determined, or conjecture wandered; it was given, says Warburton, to every man, except him only who could write it. Those who like only when they like the author, and who are under the dominion of a name, condemned it; and those admired it who are willing to scatter praise at random, which while it is unappropriated excites no envy. Those friends of Pope, that were trusted with the secret, went about lavishing honours on the new-born poet, and hinting that Pope was never so much in danger from any former rival.

To those authors whom he had personally offended, and to those whose opinion the world considered as decisive, and whom he suspected of envy or malevolence, he sent his Essay as a present before publication, that they might defeat their own enmity by praises, which they could not afterwards decently retract.

With these precautions, (1733) was published the first part of the 'Essay on Man.' There had been for some time a report that Pope was busy upon a

System of Morality: but this design was not discovered in the new poem, which had a form and a title with which its readers were unacquainted. Its reception was not uniform; some thought it a very imperfect piece, though not without good lines. While the author was unknown, some, as will always happen, favoured him as an adventurer, and some censured him as an intruder; but all thought him above neglect; the sale increased, and editions were multiplied.

The subsequent editions of the first epistle exhibited two memorable corrections. At first, the poet and his friend

Expatiate freely o'er this scene of man,
A mighty maze *of walks without a plan*:

For which he wrote afterwards,

A mighty maze, *but not without a plan*:

for, if there was no plan, it was in vain to describe or to trace the maze.

The other alteration was of these lines;

And spite of pride, *and in thy reason's spite*,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right;

but having afterwards discovered, or been shown, that the "truth" which subsisted "in spite of reason" could not be very "clear," he substituted

And spite of pride, *in erring reason's spite*.

To such oversights will the most vigorous mind be liable, when it is employed at once upon argument and poetry.

The second and third epistles were published: and Pope was, I believe, more and more suspected of writing them; at last, in 1734, he avowed the fourth, and claimed the honour of a moral poet.

In the conclusion it is sufficiently acknowledged, that the doctrine of the 'Essay on Man' was received from Bolingbroke, who is said to have ridiculed Pope, among those who enjoyed his confidence, as

having adopted and advanced principles of which he did not perceive the consequence, and as blindly propagating opinions contrary to his own. That those communications had been consolidated into a scheme regularly drawn, and delivered to Pope, from whom it returned only transformed from prose to verse, has been reported, but hardly can be true. The essay plainly appears the fabric of a poet; what Bolingbroke supplied could be only the first principles; the order, illustration, and embellishments, must all be Pope's.

These principles it is not my business to clear from obscurity, dogmatism, or falsehood; but they were not immediately examined; philosophy and poetry have not often the same readers; and the Essay abounded in splendid amplifications and sparkling sentences, which were read and admired with no great attention to their ultimate purpose; its flowers caught the eye, which did not see what the gay foliage concealed, and for a time flourished in the sunshine of universal approbation. So little was any evil tendency discovered, that, as innocence is unsuspicious, many read it for a manual of piety.

Its reputation soon invited a translator. It was first turned into French prose, and afterwards by Resnel into verse. Both translations fell into the hands of Crousaz, who first, when he had the version in prose, wrote a general censure, and afterwards reprinted Resnel's version, with particular remarks upon every paragraph.

Crousaz was a professor of Switzerland, eminent for his treatise of *Logic*, and his '*Examen de Pyrrhonisme*;' and, however little known or regarded here, was no mean antagonist. His mind was one of those in which philosophy and piety are happily united. He was accustomed to argument and disquisition, and perhaps was grown too desirous of

detecting faults; but his intentions were always right, his opinions were solid, and his religion pure.

His incessant vigilance for the promotion of piety disposed him to look with distrust upon all metaphysical systems of Theology, and all schemes of virtue and happiness purely rational; and therefore it was not long before he was persuaded that the positions of Pope, as they terminated for the most part in natural religion, were intended to draw mankind away from revelation, and to represent the whole course of things as a necessary concatenation of indissoluble fatality; and it is undeniable, that in many passages a religious eye may easily discover expressions not very favourable to morals, or to liberty.

About this time Warburton began to make his appearance in the first ranks of learning. He was a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry with wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagination, nor clouded his perspicacity. To every work he brought a memory full fraught, together with a fancy fertile of original combinations, and at once exerted the powers of the scholar, the reasoner, and the wit. But his knowledge was too multifarious to be always exact, and his pursuits too eager to be always cautious. His abilities gave him an haughty confidence, which he disdained to conceal or mollify; and his impatience of opposition disposed him to treat his adversaries with such contemptuous superiority as made his readers commonly his enemies, and excited against the advocate the wishes of some who favoured the cause. He seems to have adopted the Roman emperor's determination, *oderint dum metuant*; he used no allurements of gentle language, but wished to compel rather than persuade.

His style is copious without selection, and forcible without neatness: he took the words that presented

themselves; his diction is coarse and impure; and his sentences are unmeasured.

He had, in the early part of his life, pleased himself with the notice of inferior wits, and corresponded with the enemies of Pope. A letter was produced, when he had perhaps himself forgotten it, in which he tells Concanen, "Dryden, I observe, borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius; Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty." And when Theobald published Shakespeare, in opposition to Pope, the best notes were supplied by Warburton.

But the time was now come when Warburton was to change his opinion; and Pope was to find a defender in him who had contributed so much to the exaltation of his rival.

The arrogance of Warburton excited against him every artifice of offence, and therefore it may be supposed that his union with Pope was censured as hypocritical inconstancy; but surely to think differently, at different times, of poetical merit, may be easily allowed. Such opinions are often admitted, and dismissed, without nice examination. Who is there that has not found reason for changing his mind about questions of greater importance?

Warburton, whatever was his motive, undertook, without solicitation, to rescue Pope from the talons of Crousaz, by freeing him from the imputation of favouring fatality, or rejecting revelation; and from month to month continued a vindication of the 'Essay on Man,' in the literary journal of that time called 'The Republic of Letters.'

Pope, who probably began to doubt the tendency of his own work, was glad that the positions, of which he perceived himself not to know the full meaning, could by any mode of interpretation be made to mean well. How much he was pleased with his gratuitous defender, the following letter evidently shows:

"SIR,

April 11, 1732.

"I have just received from Mr. R. two more of your letters. It is in the greatest hurry imaginable that I write this; but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your third letter, which is so extremely clear, short, and full, that I think Mr. Crousaz ought never to have another answer, and deserved not so good an one. I can only say, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, so odd as the the expression seems; for you have made my system as clear as I ought to have done, and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified. I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every man else. I know I meant just what you explain; but I did not explain my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself; but you express me better than I could express myself.—Pray, accept the sincerest acknowledgments. I cannot but wish these letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a translation of part at least, or of all of them, into French: but I shall not proceed a step without your consent and opinion, &c."

By this fond and eager acceptance of an exculpatory comment, Pope testified that, whatever might be the seeming or real import of the principles which he had received from Bolingbroke, he had not intentionally attacked religion; and Bolingbroke, if he meant to make him, without his own consent, an instrument of mischief, found him now engaged, with his eyes open, on the side of truth.

It is known that Bolingbroke concealed from Pope his real opinions. He once discovered them to Mr. Hooke, who related them again to Pope, and was told by him that he must have mistaken the meaning of what he heard; and Bolingbroke, when Pope's

uneasiness incited him to desire an explanation, declared that Hooke had misunderstood him.

Bolingbroke hated Warburton, who had drawn his pupil from him; and a little before Pope's death they had a dispute, from which they parted with mutual aversion.

From this time Pope lived in the closest intimacy with his commentator, and amply rewarded his kindness and his zeal; for he introduced him to Mr. Murray, by whose interest he became a preacher at Lincoln's Inn; and to Mr. Allen, who gave him his niece and his estate, and by consequence a bishopric. When he died, he left him the property of his works; a legacy which may reasonably be estimated at four thousand pounds.

Pope's fondness for the 'Essay on Man' appeared by his desire of its propagation. Dobson, who had gained reputation by his version of Prior's 'Solomon,' was employed by him to translate it into Latin verse, and was for that purpose some time at Twickenham; but he left his work, whatever was the reason, unfinished; and by Benson's invitation, undertook the longer task of 'Paradise Lost.' Pope then desired his friend to find a scholar who should turn his Essay into Latin prose; but no such performance has ever appeared.

Pope lived at this time *among the Great*, with that reception and respect to which his works entitled him, and which he had not impaired by any private misconduct or factious partiality. Though Bolingbroke was his friend, Walpole was not his enemy; but treated him with so much consideration as, at his request, to solicit and obtain from the French minister an abbey for Mr. Southcot, whom he considered himself as obliged to reward, by this exertion of his interest, for the benefit which he had received from his attendance in a long illness.

It was said, that, when the court was at Richmond, Queen Caroline had declared her intention to

visit him. This may have been only a careless effusion, thought on no more: the report of such notice, however, was soon in many mouths; and, if I do not forget or misapprehend Savage's account, Pope, pretending to decline what was not yet offered, left his house for a time, not, I suppose, for any other reason than lest he should be thought to stay at home in expectation of an honour which would not be conferred. He was therefore angry at Swift, who represents him as "refusing the visits of a queen," because he knew that what had never been offered had never been refused.

Beside the general system of morality, supposed to be contained in the 'Essay on Man,' it was his intention to write distinct poems upon the different duties or conditions of life; one of which is the Epistle to Lord Bathurst (1733) on the 'Use of Riches,' a piece on which he declared great labour to have been bestowed ¹⁰.

Into this poem some hints are historically thrown, and some known characters are introduced, with others of which it is difficult to say how far they are real or fictitious; but the praise of Kyrl, the Man of Ross, deserves particular examination, who, after a long and pompous enumeration of his public works and private charities, is said to have diffused all those blessings from *five hundred a-year*. Wonders are willingly told, and willingly heard. The truth is, that Kyrl was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had. This account Mr. Victor received from the minister of the place; and I have preserved it, that the praise of a good man, being made more credible,

¹⁰ Spence.

may be more solid. Narrations of romantic and impracticable virtue will be read with wonder, but that which is unattainable is recommended in vain; that good may be endeavoured, it must be shown to be possible.

This is the only piece in which the author has given a hint of his religion, by ridiculing the ceremony of burning the pope, and by mentioning with some indignation the inscription on the Monument.

When this poem was first published, the dialogue, having no letters of direction, was perplexed and obscure. Pope seems to have written with no very distinct idea: for he calls that an 'Epistle to Bathurst,' in which Bathurst is introduced as speaking.

He afterwards (1734) inscribed to Lord Cobham his 'Characters of Men,' written with close attention to the operations of the mind and modifications of life. In this poem he has endeavoured to establish and exemplify his favourite theory of the *Ruling Passion*, by which he means an original direction of desire to some particular object; an innate affection, which gives all action a determinate and invariable tendency, and operates upon the whole system of life, either openly, or more secretly by the intervention of some accidental or subordinate propensity.

Of any passion, thus innate and irresistible, the existence may reasonably be doubted. Human characters are by no means constant; men change by change of place, of fortune, of acquaintance; he who is at one time a lover of pleasure, is at another a lover of money. Those indeed who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms. But to the particular species of excellence men are directed, not by an ascendant planet or predominating humour, but by the first book which they read,

some early conversation which they heard, or some accident which excited ardour and emulation.

It must at least be allowed that this *Ruling Passion*, antecedent to reason and observation, must have an object independent on human contrivance; for there can be no natural desire of artificial good. No man therefore can be born, in the strict acceptation, a lover of money; for he may be born, where money does not exist: nor can he be born, in a moral sense, a lover of his country; for society, politically regulated, is a state contradistinguished from a state of nature; and any attention to that coalition of interests which makes the happiness of a country, is possible only to those whom inquiry and reflection have enabled to comprehend it.

This doctrine is in itself pernicious as well as false; its tendency is to produce the belief of a kind of moral predestination, or overruling principle which cannot be resisted; he that admits it is prepared to comply with every desire that caprice or opportunity shall excite, and to flatter himself that he submits only to the lawful dominion of Nature, in obeying the resistless authority of his *Ruling Passion*.

Pope has formed his theory with so little skill, that, in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites, and habits.

To the 'Characters of Men,' he added soon after, in an Epistle supposed to have been addressed to Martha Blount, but which the last edition has taken from her, the 'Characters of Women.' This poem, which was laboured with great diligence, and in the author's opinion with great success, was neglected at its first publication, as the commentator supposes, because the public was informed, by an advertisement, that it contained *no character drawn from the Life*; an assertion which Pope probably did not expect nor wish to have been believed, and which he

soon gave his readers sufficient reason to distrust, by telling them in a note that the work was imperfect, because part of his subject was *Vice too high* to be yet exposed.

The time however soon came, in which it was safe to display the Duchess of Marlborough under the name of *Atossa*; and her character was inserted with no great honour to the writer's gratitude.

He published from time to time (between 1730 and 1740) 'Imitations of different poems of Horace,' generally with his name, and once, as was suspected, without it. What he was upon moral principles ashamed to own, he ought to have suppressed. Of these pieces it is useless to settle the dates, as they had seldom much relation to the times, and perhaps had been long in his hands.

This mode of imitation, in which the ancients are familiarized, by adapting their sentiments to modern topics, by making Horace say of Shakspeare what he originally said of Ennius, and accommodating his satires on Pantolabus and Nomentanus to the flatterers and prodigals of our own time, was first practised in the reign of Charles the Second by Oldham and Rochester, at least I remember no instances more ancient. It is a kind of middle composition between translation and original design, which pleases when the thoughts are unexpectedly applicable, and the parallels lucky. It seems to have been Pope's favourite amusement; for he has carried it farther than any former poet.

He published likewise a revival, in smoother numbers, of Dr. Donne's Satires, which was recommended to him by the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Oxford. They made no great impression on the public. Pope seems to have known their imbecility, and therefore suppressed them while he was yet contending to rise in reputation, but ventured them when he thought their deficiencies more likely to be imputed to Donne than to himself.

The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, which seems to be derived in its first design from Boileau's Address *à son Esprit*, was published in January 1735, about a month before the death of him to whom it is inscribed. It is to be regretted, that either honour or pleasure should have been missed by Arbuthnot; a man estimable for his learning, amiable for his life, and venerable for his piety.

Arbuthnot was a man of great comprehension, skilful in his profession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar with great brilliance of wit; a wit, who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardour of religious zeal.

In this poem Pope seems to reckon with the public. He vindicates himself from censures; and with dignity, rather than arrogance, enforces his own claims to kindness and respect.

Into this poem are interwoven several paragraphs which had been before printed as a fragment, and among them the satirical lines upon Addison, of which the last couplet has been twice corrected. It was at first,

Who would not smile if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

Then,

Who would not grieve if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Addison were he?

At last it is,

Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

He was at this time at open war with Lord Hervey, who had distinguished himself as a steady adherent to the ministry; and being offended with a

contemptuous answer to one of his pamphlets¹¹, had summoned Pulteney to a duel. Whether he or Pope made the first attack, perhaps, cannot now be easily known: he had written an invective against Pope, whom he calls, "Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure;" and hints that his father was a *hatter*. To this Pope wrote a reply in verse and prose; the verses are in this poem; and the prose, though it was never sent, is printed among his letters, but to a cool reader of the present time exhibits nothing but tedious malignity.

His last Satires, of the general kind, were two Dialogues, named, from the year in which they were published, 'Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight.' In these poems many are praised, and many reproached. Pope was then entangled in the Opposition; a follower of the Prince of Wales, who dined at his house, and the friend of many who obstructed and censured the conduct of the ministers. His political partiality was too plainly shown: he forgot the prudence with which he passed, in his earlier years, uninjured and unoffending, through much more violent conflicts of faction.

In the first dialogue, having an opportunity of praising Allen of Bath, he asked his leave to mention him as a man not illustrious by any merit of his ancestors, and called him in his verses "low-born Allen." Men are seldom satisfied with praise introduced or followed by any mention of defect. Allen seems not to have taken any pleasure in his epithet, which was afterwards softened into "humble Allen."

In the second dialogue he took some liberty with one of the Foxes, among others; which Fox, in a reply to Lyttelton, took an opportunity of repaying, by reproaching him with the friendship of a lampooner, who scattered his ink without fear or de-

¹¹ 'Sedition and Defamation displayed,' 8vo, 1733.

cency, and against whom he hoped the resentment of the legislature would quickly be discharged.

About this time Paul Whitehead, a small poet, was summoned before the Lords for a poem called 'Manners,' together with Dodsley his publisher. Whitehead, who hung loose upon society, skulked and escaped; but Dodsley's shop and family made his appearance necessary. He was, however, soon dismissed; and the whole process was probably intended rather to intimidate Pope, than to punish Whitehead.

Pope never afterwards attempted to join the patriot with the poet, nor drew his pen upon statesmen. That he desisted from his attempts of reformation is imputed, by his commentator, to his despair of prevailing over the corruption of the time. He was not likely to have been ever of opinion, that the dread of his satire would countervail the love of power or of money; he pleased himself with being important and formidable, and gratified sometimes his pride, and sometimes his resentment; till at last he began to think he should be more safe, if he were less busy.

The 'Memoirs of Scriblerus,' published about this time, extend only to the first book of a work projected in concert by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, who used to meet in the time of Queen Anne, and denominated themselves the 'Scriblerus Club.'—Their purpose was to censure the abuses of learning by a fictitious life of an infatuated scholar. They were dispersed; the design was never completed; and Warburton laments its miscarriage, as an event very disastrous to polite letters.

If the whole may be estimated by this specimen, which seems to be the production of Arbuthnot, with a few touches perhaps by Pope, the want of more will not be much lamented; for the follies which the writer ridicules are so little practised, that they are

not known; nor can the satire be understood but by the learned: he raises phantoms of absurdity, and then drives them away. He cures diseases that were never felt.

For this reason this joint production of three great writers has never obtained any notice from mankind; it has been little read, or when read has been forgotten, as no man could be wiser, better, or merrier, by remembering it.

The design cannot boast of much originality; for, besides its general resemblance to *Don Quixote*, there will be found in it particular imitations of the *History of Mr. Ouffle*.

Swift carried so much of it into Ireland, as supplied him with hints for his *Travels*; and with those the world might have been contented, though the rest had been suppressed.

Pope had sought for images and sentiments in a region not known to have been explored by many other of the English writers; he had consulted the modern writers of Latin poetry, a class of authors whom Boileau endeavoured to bring into contempt, and who are too generally neglected. Pope, however, was not ashamed of their acquaintance, nor ungrateful for the advantages which he might have derived from it. A small selection from the Italians who wrote in Latin, had been published at London, about the latter end of the last century, by a man¹² who concealed his name, but whom his Preface shows to have been qualified for his undertaking. This collection Pope amplified by more than half, and (1740) published it in two volumes, but injuriously omitted his predecessor's preface. To these books, which had nothing but the mere text, no regard was paid; the authors were still neglected, and the editor was neither praised nor censured.

¹² Since discovered to have been Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

He did not sink into idleness; he had planned a work, which he considered as subsequent to his 'Essay on Man,' of which he has given this account to Dr. Swift:

" March 25, 1736.

"If ever I write any more Epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it; but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the 'Essay on Man;' viz. 1. Of the Extent and Limits of human Reason and Science. 2. A View of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful and therefore unattainable Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use, of different Capacities. 4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit. It will conclude with a Satire against the Misapplication of all these, exemplified by Pictures, Characters, and Examples."

This work in its full extent, being now afflicted with an asthma, and finding the powers of life gradually declining, he had no longer courage to undertake; but, from the materials which he had provided, he added, at Warburton's request, another book to the 'Dunciad,' of which the design is to ridicule such studies as are either hopeless or useless, as either pursue what is unattainable, or what, if it be attained, is of no use.

When this book was printed (1742) the laurel had been for some time upon the head of Cibber; a man whom it cannot be supposed that Pope could regard with much kindness or esteem, though in one of the imitations of Horace he has liberally enough praised the 'Careless Husband.' In the 'Dunciad,' among other worthless scribblers, he had mentioned Cibber;

who, in his 'Apology,' complains of the great Poet's unkindness as more injurious, "because," says he, "I never have offended him."

It might have been expected that Pope should have been, in some degree, mollified by this submissive gentleness, but no such consequence appeared. Though he condescended to commend Cibber once, he mentioned him afterwards contemptuously in one of his satires, and again in his 'Epistle to Abuthnot;' and in the fourth book of the 'Dunciad' attacked him with acrimony, to which the provocation is not easily discoverable. Perhaps he imagined that, in ridiculing the Laureate, he satirized those by whom the laurel had been given, and gratified that ambitious petulance with which he affected to insult the great.

The severity of this satire left Cibber no longer any patience. He had confidence enough in his own powers to believe that he could disturb the quiet of his adversary, and doubtless did not want instigators, who, without any care about the victory, desired to amuse themselves by looking on the contest. He therefore gave the town a pamphlet, in which he declares his resolution from that time never to bear another blow without returning it, and to tire out his adversary by perseverance, if he cannot conquer him by strength.

The incessant and unappeasable malignity of Pope he imputes to a very distant cause. After the 'Three Hours after Marriage' had been driven off the stage, by the offence which the mummy and crocodile gave the audience, while the exploded scene was yet fresh in memory, it happened that Cibber played Bayes in the 'Rehearsal;' and, as it had been usual to enliven the part by the mention of any recent theatrical transactions, he said, that he once thought to have introduced his lovers disguised in a Mummy and a Crocodile. "This," says he, "was received

with loud claps, which indicated contempt of the play." Pope, who was behind the scenes, meeting him as he left the stage, attacked him, as he says, with all the virulence of a "Wit out of his senses;" to which he replied, "that he would take no other notice of what was said by so particular a man, than to declare, that, as often as he played that part, he would repeat the same provocation."

He shows his opinion to be, that Pope was one of the authors of the play which he so zealously defended; and adds an idle story of Pope's behaviour at a tavern.

The pamphlet was written with little power of thought or language, and, if suffered to remain without notice, would have been very soon forgotten. Pope had now been enough acquainted with human life to know, if his passion had not been too powerful for his understanding, that, from a contention like his with Cibber, the world seeks nothing but diversion, which is given at the expense of the higher character. When Cibber lampooned Pope, curiosity was excited; what Pope would say of Cibber nobody inquired, but in hope that Pope's asperity might betray his pain and lessen his dignity.

He should therefore have suffered the pamphlet to flutter and die, without confessing that it stung him. The dishonour of being shown as Cibber's antagonist could never be compensated by the victory. Cibber had nothing to lose; when Pope had exhausted all his malignity upon him, he would rise in the esteem both of his friends and his enemies. Silence only could have made him despicable; the blow which did not appear to be felt would have been struck in vain.

But Pope's irascibility prevailed, and he resolved to tell the whole English world that he was at war with Cibber; and, to show that he thought him no common adversary, he prepared no common ven-

geance; he published a new edition of the ‘Dunciad,’ in which he degraded Theobald from his painful pre-eminence, and enthroned Cibber in his stead. Unhappily the two heroes were of opposite characters, and Pope was unwilling to lose what he had already written; he has therefore depraved his poem by giving to Cibber the old books, the old pedantry, and the sluggish pertinacity of Theobald.

Pope was ignorant enough of his own interest, to make another change, and introduced Osborne contending for the prize among the booksellers. Osborne was a man entirely destitute of shame, without sense of any disgrace but that of poverty. He told me, when he was doing that which raised Pope’s resentment, that he should be put into the ‘Dunciad;’ but he had the fate of Cassandra; I gave no credit to his prediction, till in time I saw it accomplished. The shafts of satire were directed equally in vain against Cibber and Osborne; being repelled by the impenetrable impudence of one, and deadened by the impassive dulness of the other. Pope confessed his own pain by his anger; but he gave no pain to those who had provoked him. He was able to hurt none but himself; by transferring the same ridicule from one to another, he reduced himself to the insignificance of his own magpie, who from his cage calls cuckold at a venture.

Cibber, according to his engagement, repaid the ‘Dunciad’ with another pamphlet, which, Pope said, “would be as good as a dose of hartshorn to him;” but his tongue and his heart were at variance. I have heard Mr. Richardson relate, that he attended his father the painter on a visit, when one of Cibber’s pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who said, “these things are my diversion.” They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhing with anguish; and young Richardson said to his father, when they returned, ‘that he hoped to be

preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope.'

From this time, finding his diseases more oppressive, and his vital powers gradually declining, he no longer strained his faculties with any original composition, nor proposed any other employment for his remaining life than the revisal and correction of his former works; in which he received advice and assistance from Warburton, whom he appears to have trusted and honoured in the highest degree.

He laid aside his Epic Poem, perhaps without much loss to mankind; for his hero was Brutus the Trojan, who, according to a ridiculous fiction, established a colony in Britain. The subject therefore was of the fabulous age; the actors were a race upon whom imagination has been exhausted, and attention wearied, and to whom the mind will not easily be recalled, when it is invited in blank verse, which Pope had adopted with great imprudence, and, I think, without due consideration of the nature of our language. The sketch is, at least in part, preserved by Ruffhead; by which it appears, that Pope was thoughtless enough to model the names of his heroes with terminations not consistent with the time or country in which he places them.

He lingered through the next year; but perceived himself, as he expresses it, "going down the hill." He had for at least five years been afflicted with an asthma, and other disorders, which his physicians were unable to relieve. Towards the end of his life he consulted Dr. Thomson, a man who had, by large promises, and free censures of the common practice of physic, forced himself up into sudden reputation. Thomson declared his distemper to be a dropsy, and evacuated part of the water by tincture of jalap; but confessed that his belly did not subside. Thomson had many enemies, and Pope was persuaded to dismiss him.

While he was yet capable of amusement and conversation, as he was one day sitting in the air with Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Marchmont, he saw his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady, who, when he came to her, asked, "What, is he not dead yet?" She is said to have neglected him, with shameful unkindness, in the latter time of his decay: yet, of the little which he had to leave she had a very great part. Their acquaintance began early; the life of each was pictured on the other's mind; their conversation therefore was endearing, for when they met, there was an immediate coalition of congenial notions. Perhaps he considered her unwillingness to approach the chamber of sickness as female weakness, or human frailty; perhaps he was conscious to himself of peevishness and impatience, or, though he was offended by her inattention, might yet consider her merit as overbalancing her fault; and, if he had suffered his heart to be alienated from her, he could have found nothing that might fill her place; he could have only shrunk within himself; it was too late to transfer his confidence or fondness.

In May, 1744, his death was approaching¹³; on the sixth he was all day delirious, which he mentioned four days afterwards as a sufficient humiliation of the vanity of man; he afterwards complained of seeing things as through a curtain, and in false colours, and one day, in the presence of Dodsley, asked what arm it was that came out from the wall. He said that his greatest inconvenience was inability to think.

Bolingbroke sometimes wept over him in this state of helpless decay; and being told by Spence, that

¹³ Spence.

Pope, at the intermission of his deliriousness, was always saying something kind either of his present or absent friends, and that his humanity seemed to have survived his understanding, answered, "It has so." And added, "I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or more general friendship for mankind." At another time he said, "I have known Pope these thirty years, and value myself more in his friendship than"—His grief than suppressed his voice.

Pope expressed undoubting confidence of a future state. Being asked by his friend Mr. Hooke, a papist, whether he would not die like his father and mother, and whether a priest should not be called; he answered, "I do not think it is essential, but it will be very right; and I thank you for putting me in mind of it."

In the morning, after the priest had given him the last sacraments, he said, "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue."

He died in the evening of the 30th day of May, 1744, so placidly, that the attendants did not discern the exact time of his expiration. He was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his commentator, the Bishop of Gloucester.

He left the care of his papers to his executors; first to Lord Bolingbroke; and, if he should not be living, to the Earl of Marchmont; undoubtedly expecting them to be proud of the trust, and eager to extend his fame. But let no man dream of influence beyond his life. After a decent time, Dodsley, the bookseller, went to solicit preference as the publisher, and was told that the parcel had not been yet inspected; and, whatever was the reason, the world has been disappointed of what was "reserved for the next age."

He lost, indeed, the favour of Bolingbroke by a kind of posthumous offence. The political pamphlet, called 'The Patriotic King,' had been put into his hands that he might procure the impression of a very few copies, to be distributed, according to the author's direction, among his friends, and Pope assured him that no more had been printed than were allowed; but, soon after his death, the printer brought and resigned a complete edition of fifteen hundred copies, which Pope had ordered him to print, and retain in secret. He kept, as was observed, his engagement to Pope better than Pope had kept it to his friend; and nothing was known of the transaction, till, upon the death of his employer, he thought himself obliged to deliver the books to the right owner, who, with great indignation, made a fire in his yard, and delivered the whole impression to the flames.

Hitherto nothing had been done which was not naturally dictated by resentment of violated faith; resentment more acrimonious, as the violator had been more loved or more trusted. But here the anger might have stopped; the injury was private, and there was little danger from the example.

Bolingbroke, however, was not yet satisfied; his thirst of vengeance excited him to blast the memory of the man over whom he had wept in his last struggles; and he employed Mallet, another friend of Pope, to tell the tale to the public with all its aggravations. Warburton, whose heart was warm with his legacy, and tender by the recent separation, thought it proper for him to interpose; and undertook, not indeed to vindicate the action, for breach of trust has always something criminal, but to extenuate it by an apology. Having advanced what cannot be denied, that moral obliquity is made more or less excusable by the motives that produces it, he

inquires what evil purpose could have induced Pope to break his promise. He could not delight his vanity by usurping the work, which, though not sold in shops, had been shown to a number more than sufficient to preserve the author's claim; he could not gratify his avarice, for he could not sell his plunder till Bolingbroke was dead; and even then, if the copy was left to another, his fraud would be defeated, and if left to himself, would be useless.

Warburton therefore supposes, with great appearance of reason, that the irregularity of his conduct proceeded wholly from his zeal for Bolingbroke, who might perhaps have destroyed the pamphlet, which Pope thought it his duty to preserve, even without its author's approbation. To this apology an answer was written in 'A Letter to the most impudent Man living.'

He brought some reproach upon his own memory by the petulant and contemptuous mention made in his will of Mr. Allen, and an affected repayment of his benefactions. Mrs. Blount, as the known friend and favourite of Pope, had been invited to the house of Allen, where she comported herself with such indecent arrogance, that she parted from Mrs. Allen in a state of irreconcilable dislike, and the door was for ever barred against her. This exclusion she resented with so much bitterness as to refuse any legacy from Pope, unless he left the world with a disavowal of obligation to Allen. Having been long under her dominion, now tottering in the decline of life, and unable to resist the violence of her temper, or perhaps with the prejudice of a lover, persuaded that she had suffered improper treatment, he complied with her demand, and polluted his will with female resentment. Allen accepted the legacy, which he gave to the Hospital at Bath, observing that "Pope was always a bad accomptant, and that, if

to 150*l*. he had put a cipher more, he had come nearer to the truth!¹⁴!"

The person of Pope is well known not to have been formed by the nicest model. He has, in his account of the 'Little Club,' compared himself to a spider, and by another is described as protuberant behind and before. He is said to have been beautiful in his infancy; but he was of a constitution originally feeble and weak: and, as bodies of a tender frame are easily distorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His stature was so low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was necessary to raise his seat. But his face was not displeasing, and his eyes were animated and vivid.

By natural deformity, or accidental distortion, his vital functions were so much disordered, that his life was a "long disease." His most frequent assailment was the headache, which he used to relieve by inhaling the steam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

¹⁴ This account is not so circumstantial as it was in Dr. Johnson's power to have made it.

Upon an invitation (in which Mrs. Blount was included) Mr. Pope made a visit to Mr. Allen at Prior-park, and having occasion to go to Bristol for a few days, left Mrs. Blount behind him. In his absence Mrs. Blount, who was of that persuasion, signified an inclination to go to the Popish chapel at Bath, and desired of Mr. Allen the use of his chariot for the purpose; but he, being at that time mayor of the city, suggested the impropriety of having his carriage seen at the door of a Catholic place of worship, and desired to be excused. Mrs. Blount resented this refusal, told Pope of it at his return, and so infected him with her rage that they both left the house abruptly.

Such is the story told by Hawkins. It appears, however, that Pope kept up his friendship with Mr. Allen to the last, and that Mrs. Blount remained in Mr. Allen's house, for some time after the coolness had arisen between her and Mrs. Allen

Most of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domestic of the Earl of Oxford, who knew him, perhaps, after the middle of life. He was then so weak as to stand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely sensible of cold, so that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a shirt of a very coarse warm linen with fine sleeves. When he rose, he was invested in boddice made of stiff canvass, being scarcely able to hold himself erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waistcoat. One side was contracted. His legs were so slender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of stockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dress or undress himself, and neither went to bed nor rose without help. His weakness made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almost all away; and he used to dine sometimes with Lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dress of ceremony was black, with a tie-wig, and a little sword.

The indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required, had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that every thing should give way to his ease or humour; as a child, whose parents will not hear her cry, has an unresisted dominion in the nursery.

*C'est que l'enfant toujours est homme,
C'est que l'homme est toujours enfant.*

When he wanted to sleep he “nodded in company;” and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry.

The reputation which his friendship gave procured him many invitations; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants, that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was, he left no

room for another, because he exacted the attention, and employed the activity, of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous, that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him; and the Earl of Oxford discharged some of the servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids, when they had neglected their business, alleged that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his constant demands was of coffee in the night, and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burdensome: but he was careful to recompense her want of sleep; and Lord Oxford's servant declared, that in the house where her business was to answer his call, she would not ask for wages.

He had another fault, easily incident to those who, suffering much pain, think themselves entitled to what pleasures they can snatch. He was too indulgent to his appetite: he loved meat highly seasoned and of strong taste; and, at the intervals of the table, amused himself with biscuits and dry conserves. If he sat down to a variety of dishes, he would oppress his stomach with repletion; and though he seemed angry when a dram was offered him, did not forbear to drink it. His friends, who knew the avenues to his heart, pampered him with presents of luxury, which he did not suffer to stand neglected. The death of great men is not always proportioned to the lustre of their lives. Hannibal, says Juvenal, did not perish by the javelin or the sword; the slaughters of Cannæ were revenged by a ring. The death of Pope was imputed by some of his friends to a silver saucepan, in which it was his delight to heat potted lampreys.

That he loved too well to eat is certain; but that his sensuality shortened his life will not be hastily concluded, when it is remembered that a conformation so irregular lasted six and fifty years, notwith-

standing such pertinacious diligence of study and meditation.

In all his intercourse with mankind, he had great delight in artifice, and endeavoured to attain all his purposes by indirect and unsuspected methods. "He hardly drank tea without a stratagem." If, at the house of friends, he wanted any accommodation, he was not willing to ask for it in plain terms, but would mention it remotely as something convenient; though, when it was procured, he soon made it appear for whose sake it had been recommended. Thus he teased Lord Orrery till he obtained a screen. He practised his arts on such small occasions, that Lady Bolingbroke used to say, in a French phrase, that "he played the politician about cabbages and turnips." His unjustifiable impression of the 'Patriot King,' as it can be imputed to no particular motive, must have proceeded from his general habit of secrecy and cunning; he caught an opportunity of a sly trick, and pleased himself with the thought of outwitting Bolingbroke.

In familiar or convivial conversation, it does not appear that he excelled. He may be said to have resembled Dryden, as being not one that was distinguished by vivacity in company. It is remarkable, that so near his time, so much should be known of what he has written, and so little of what he has said: traditional memory retains no sallies of raillery, nor sentences of observation; nothing either pointed or solid, either wise or merry. One apophthegm only stands upon record. When an objection, raised against his inscription for Shakspeare, was defended by the authority of 'Patrick,' he replied—"horresco referens"—that "he would allow the publisher of a Dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together."

He was fretful, and easily displeased, and allowed

himself to be capriciously resentful. He would sometimes leave Lord Oxford silently, no one could tell why, and was to be courted back by more letters and messages than the footmen were willing to carry. The table was indeed infested by Lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no entreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity, that one or the other quitted the house.

He sometimes condescended to be jocular with servants or inferiors; but by no merriment, either of others or his own, was he ever seen excited to laughter.

Of his domestic character, frugality was a part eminently remarkable. Having determined not to be dependent, he determined not to be in want, and therefore wisely and magnanimously rejected all temptations to expense unsuitable to his fortune. This general care must be universally approved; but it sometimes appeared in petty artifices of parsimony, such as the practice of writing his compositions on the back of letters, as may be seen in the remaining copy of the 'Iliad,' by which perhaps in five years five shillings were saved; or in a niggardly reception of his friends, and scantiness of entertainment, as, when he had two guests in his house, he would set at supper a single pint upon the table; and, having himself taken two small glasses, would retire; and say, "Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine." Yet he tells his friends, that "he has a heart for all, a house for all, and, whatever they may think, a fortune for all."

He sometimes, however, made a splendid dinner, and is said to have wanted no part of the skill or elegance which such performances require. That this magnificence should be often displayed, that obstinate prudence with which he conducted his af-

fairs would not permit; for his revenue, certain and casual, amounted to only about eight hundred pounds a year, of which however he declares himself able to assign one hundred to charity¹⁵.

Of this fortune, which, as it arose from public approbation, was very honourably obtained, his imagination seems to have been too full; it would be hard to find a man, so well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money. In his Letters, and in his poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, or some hints of his opulence, are always to be found. The great topic of his ridicule is poverty; the crimes with which he reproaches his antagonists are their debts, their habitation in the Mint, and their want of a dinner. He seems to be of an opinion not very uncommon in the world, that to want money is to want every thing.

Next to the pleasure of contemplating his possessions, seems to be that of enumerating the men of high rank with whom he was acquainted, and whose notice he loudly proclaims not to have been obtained by any practices of meanness or servility; a boast which was never denied to be true, and to which very few poets have ever aspired. Pope never set genius to sale, he never flattered those whom he did not love, or praised those whom he did not esteem. Savage however remarked, that he began a little to relax his dignity when he wrote a distich for his 'Highness's dog.'

His admiration of the Great seems to have increased in the advance of life. He passed over

¹⁵ Part of it arose from an annuity of two hundred pounds a year, purchased either of the last Duke of Buckingham, or the Duchess his mother, and charged on some estate of that family. So says Hawkins, who had seen the deed. Johnson, who states the sum to have been five hundred, was, therefore, misinformed.

peers and statesmen to inscribe his 'Iliad' to Congreve, with a magnanimity of which the praise had been complete, had his friend's virtue been equal to his wit. Why he was chosen for so great an honour, it is not now possible to know; there is no trace in literary history of any particular intimacy between them. The name of Congreve appears in the Letters among those of his other friends, but without any observable distinction or consequence.

To his latter works, however, he took care to annex names dignified with titles, but was not very happy in his choice: for, except Lord Bathurst, none of his noble friends were such as that a good man would wish to have his intimacy with them known to posterity; he can derive little honour from the notice of Cobham, Burlington, or Bolingbroke.

Of his social qualities, if an estimate be made from his Letters, an opinion too favourable cannot easily be formed; they exhibit a perpetual and unclouded effulgence of general benevolence, and particular fondness. There is nothing but liberality, gratitude, constancy, and tenderness. It has been so long said as to be commonly believed, that the true characters of men may be found in their Letters, and that he who writes to his friend lays his heart open before him. But the truth is, that such were the simple friendships of the Golden Age, and are now the friendships only of children. Very few can boast of hearts which they dare lay open to themselves, and of which, by whatever accident exposed, they do not shun a distinct and continued view; and, certainly, what we hide from ourselves we do not show to our friends. There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out before they are consi-

dered; in the tumult of business, interest, and passion have their genuine effect; but a friendly letter is a calm and deliberate performance in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude; and surely no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character.

Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity; for by whom can a man so much wish to be thought better than he is, as by him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep? Even in writing to the world there is less constraint; the author is not confronted with his reader, and takes his chance of approbation among the different dispositions of mankind; but a letter is addressed to a single mind, of which the prejudices and partialities are known; and must therefore please, if not by favouring them, by forbearing to oppose them.

To charge those favourable representations, which men give of their own minds, with the guilt of hypocritical falsehood, would show more severity than knowledge. The writer commonly believes himself. Almost every man's thoughts, while they are general, are right; and most hearts are pure while temptation is away. It is easy to awaken generous sentiments in privacy; to despise death when there is no danger; to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given. While such ideas are formed they are felt; and self-love does not suspect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.

If the letters of Pope are considered merely as compositions, they seem to be premeditated and artificial. It is one thing to write, because there is something which the mind wishes to discharge; and another, to solicit the imagination, because ceremony or vanity require something to be written. Pope confesses his early letters to be vitiated with *affectation and ambition*; to know whether he dis-

entangled himself from these perverters of epistolary integrity, his book and his life must be set in comparison.

One of his favourite topics is contempt of his own poetry. For this, if it had been real, he would deserve no commendation; and in this he was certainly not sincere, for his high value of himself was sufficiently observed; and of what could he be proud but of his poetry? He writes, he says, when "he has just nothing else to do;" yet Swift complains that he was never at leisure for conversation, because he had "always some poetical scheme in his head." It was punctually required that his writing box should be set upon his bed before he rose; and Lord Oxford's domestic related, that, in the dreadful winter of 1740, she was called from her bed by him four times in one night, to supply him with paper, lest he should lose a thought.

He pretends insensibility to censure and criticism, though it was observed by all who knew him that every pamphlet disturbed his quiet, that his extreme irritability laid him open to perpetual vexation; but he wished to despise his critics, and therefore hoped that he did despise them.

As he happened to live in two reigns when the court paid little attention to poetry, he nursed in his mind a foolish disesteem of kings, and proclaims that "he never sees courts." Yet a little regard shown him by the Prince of Wales melted his obduracy; and he had not much to say when he was asked by his Royal Highness, "How he could love a prince while he disliked kings?"

He very frequently professes contempt of the world, and represents himself as looking on mankind, sometimes with gay indifference, as on emmets of a hillock, below his serious attention; and sometimes with gloomy indignation, as on monsters more worthy of hatred than of pity. These were dispo-

sitions apparently counterfeited. How could he despise those whom he lived by pleasing, and on whose approbation his esteem of himself was super-structed? Why should he hate those to whose favour he owed his honour and his ease? Of things that terminate in human life, the world is the proper judge; to despise its sentence, if it were possible, is not just; and if it were just, is not possible. Pope was far enough from this unreasonable temper: he was sufficiently *a fool to Fame*, and his fault was, that he pretended to neglect it. His levity and his sullenness were only in his Letters; he passed through common life, sometimes vexed, and sometimes pleased, with the natural emotions of common men.

His scorn of the great is repeated too often to be real; no man thinks much of that which he despises; and as falsehood is always in danger of inconsistency, he makes it his boast at another time that he lives among them.

It is evident that his own importance swells often in his mind. He is afraid of writing, lest the clerks of the Post Office should know his secrets; he has many enemies: he considers himself as surrounded by universal jealousy: "after many deaths, and many dispersions, two or three of us," says he, "may still be brought together, not to plot, but to divert ourselves, and the world too, if it pleases;" and they can live together, and "show what friends wits may be, in spite of all the fools in the world." All this while it was likely that the clerks did not know his hand; he certainly had no more enemies than a public character like his inevitably excites; and with what degree of friendship the wits might live, very few were so much fools as ever to inquire.

Some part of this pretended discontent he learned from Swift, and expresses it, I think, most frequently in his correspondence with him. Swift's resentment was unreasonable, but it was sincere;

Pope's was the mere mimicry of his friend, a fictitious part which he began to play before it became him. When he was only twenty-five years old, he related that "a glut of study and retirement had thrown him on the world," and that there was danger lest "a glut of the world should throw him back upon study and retirement." To this Swift answered with great propriety, that Pope had not yet acted or suffered enough in the world to have become weary of it. And, indeed, it must have been some very powerful reason that can drive back to solitude him who has once enjoyed the pleasures of society.

In the Letters both of Swift and Pope there appears such narrowness of mind, as makes them insensible of any excellence that has not some affinity with their own, and confines their esteem and approbation to so small a number, that whoever should form his opinion of their age from their representation, would suppose them to have lived amidst ignorance and barbarity, unable to find among their contemporaries either virtue or intelligence, and persecuted by those that could not understand them.

When Pope murmurs at the world, when he professes contempt of fame, when he speaks of riches and poverty, of success and disappointment, with negligent indifference, he certainly does not express his habitual and settled sentiments, but either wilfully disguises his own character, or, what is more likely, invests himself with temporary qualities, and sallies out in the colours of the present moment. His hopes and fears, his joys and sorrows, acted strongly upon his mind; and, if he differed from others, it was not by carelessness: he was irritable and resentful; his malignity to Philips, whom he had first made ridiculous, and then hated for being angry, continued too long. Of his vain desire to make Bentley¹⁶ contemptible, I never heard any adequate

¹⁶ See Richard Cumberland's *Memoirs of his Own Life* for an able Defence of Bentley.

reason. He was sometimes wanton in his attacks; and, before Chandos, Lady Wortley, and Hill, was mean in his retreat.

The virtues which seem to have had most of his affection were liberality and fidelity of friendship, in which it does not appear that he was other than he describes himself. His fortune did not suffer his charity to be splendid and conspicuous; but he assisted Dodsley with a hundred pounds, that he might open a shop; and, of the subscription of forty pounds a year that he raised for Savage, twenty were paid by himself. He was accused of loving money; but his love was eagerness to gain, not solicitude to keep it.

In the duties of friendship he was zealous and constant; his early maturity of mind commonly united him with men older than himself, and therefore, without attaining any considerable length of life, he saw many companions of his youth sink into the grave; but it does not appear that he lost a single friend by coldness or by injury; those who loved him once, continued their kindness. His ingrateful mention of Allen in his will, was the effect of his adherence to one whom he had known much longer, and whom he naturally loved with greater fondness. His violation of the trust reposed in him by Bolingbroke could have no motive inconsistent with the warmest affection; he either thought the action so near to indifferent that he forgot it, or so laudable that he expected his friend to approve it.

It was reported, with such confidence as almost to enforce belief, that in the papers intrusted to his executors was found a defamatory *Life of Swift*, which he had prepared as an instrument of vengeance, to be used if any provocation should be ever given. About this I inquired of the Earl of Marchmont, who assured me that no such piece was among his remains.

The religion in which he lived and died was that of the Church of Rome, to which in his correspon-

dence with Racine he professes himself a sincere adherent. That he was not scrupulously pious in some part of his life, is known by many idle and indecent applications of sentences taken from the Scriptures; a mode of merriment which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its easiness and vulgarity. But to whatever levities he has been betrayed, it does not appear that his principles were ever corrupted, or that he ever lost his belief of Revelation. The positions which he transmitted from Bolingbroke he seems not to have understood, and was pleased with an interpretation that made them orthodox.

A man of such exalted superiority, and so little moderation, would naturally have all his delinquences observed and aggravated; those who could not deny that he was excellent, would rejoice to find that he was not perfect.

Perhaps it may be imputed to the unwillingness with which the same man is allowed to possess many advantages, that his learning has been depreciated. He certainly was in his early life a man of great literary curiosity; and, when he wrote his 'Essay on Criticism,' had, for his age, a very wide acquaintance with books. When he entered into the living world, it seems to have happened to him as to many others, that he was less attentive to dead masters; he studied in the academy of Paracelsus, and made the universe his favourite volume. He gathered his notions fresh from reality; not from the copies of authors, but the originals of nature. Yet there is no reason to believe that literature ever lost his esteem; he always professed to love reading; and Dobson, who spent some time at his house translating his 'Essay on Man,' when I asked him what learning he found him to possess, answered, "More than I expected." His frequent references to history, his allusions to various kinds of knowledge, and his images selected

from art and nature, with his observations on the operations of the mind and the modes of life, show an intelligence perpetually on the wing, excursive, vigorous, and diligent; eager to pursue knowledge, and attentive to retain it.

From this curiosity arose the desire of travelling, to which he alludes in his verses to Jervas, and which, though he never found an opportunity to gratify it, did not leave him till his life declined.

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen, and what to be rejected; and, in the works of others, what was to be shunned, and what was to be copied.

But good sense alone is a sedate and quiescent quality, which manages its possessions well, but does not increase them; it collects few materials for its own operations, and preserves safety, but never gains supremacy. Pope had likewise genius; a mind active, ambitious, and adventurous, always investigating, always aspiring; in its widest searches still longing to go forward, in its highest flights still wishing to be higher; always imagining something greater than it knows, always endeavouring more than it can do.

To assist these powers, he is said to have had great strength and exactness of memory. That which he had heard or read was not easily lost; and he had before him not only what his own meditations suggested, but what he had found in other writers that might be accommodated to his present purpose.

These benefits of nature he improved by incessant and unwearyed diligence; he had recourse to every source of intelligence, and lost no opportunity of information; he consulted the living as well as the dead: he read his compositions to his friends, and

was never content with mediocrity, when excellence could be attained. He considered poetry as the business of his life; and, however he might seem to lament his occupation, he followed it with constancy: to make verses was his first labour, and to mend them was his last.

From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered any thing that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common, rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines, or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time.

He was one of those few whose labour is their pleasure: he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience; he never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He laboured his works first to gain reputation, and afterwards to keep it.

Of composition there are different methods. Some employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them. It is related of Virgil, that his custom was to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances, and correcting inaccuracies. The method of Pope, as may be collected from his translation, was to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.

With such faculties, and such dispositions, he excelled every other writer in poetical prudence; he wrote in such a manner as might expose him to few hazards. He used almost always the same fabric of

verse ; and, indeed, by those few essays which he made of any other, he did not enlarge his reputation. Of this uniformity the certain consequence was readiness and dexterity. By perpetual practice, language had, in his mind, a systematical arrangement ; having always the same use for words, he had words so selected and combined as to be ready at his call. This increase of facility he confessed himself to have perceived in the progress of his translation.

But what was yet of more importance, his effusions were always voluntary, and his subjects chosen by himself. His independence secured him from drudging at a task, and labouring upon a barren topic ; he never exchanged praise for money, nor opened a shop of condolence or congratulation. His poems, therefore, were scarcely ever temporary. He suffered coronations and royal marriages to pass without a song ; and derived no opportunities from recent events, nor any popularity from the accidental disposition of his readers. He was never reduced to the necessity of soliciting the sun to shine upon a birth-day, of calling the Graces and Virtues to a wedding, or of saying what multitudes have said before him. When he could produce nothing new, he was at liberty to be silent.

His publications were, for the same reason, never hasty. He is said to have sent nothing to the press till it had lain two years under his inspection ; it is at least certain, that he ventured nothing without nice examination. He suffered the tumult of imagination to subside, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. He knew that the mind is always enamoured of its own productions, and did not trust his first fondness. He consulted his friends, and listened with great willingness to criticism ; and, what was of more importance, he consulted himself, and let nothing pass against his own judgment.

He professed to have learned his poetry from

Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgment that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgment, of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he showed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them. The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of

‘Thirty-eight;’ of which Dodsley told me that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. “Almost every line,” he said, “was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time.”

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the ‘Iliad,’ and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the ‘Essay on Criticism’ received many improvements after its first appearance. It was seldom to be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgment of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation; and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own

rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates; the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and inquiry

may, perhaps, show him the reasonableness of my determination.

THE Works of Pope are now to be distinctly examined, not so much with attention to slight faults or petty beauties, as to the general character and effect of each performance.

It seems natural for a young poet to initiate himself by Pastorals, which, not professing to imitate real life, require no experience; and, exhibiting only the simple operation of unmingled passions, admit no subtle reasoning or deep inquiry. Pope's 'Pastorals' are not, however, composed but with close thought; they have reference to the times of the day, the seasons of the year, and the periods of human life. The last, that which turns the attention upon age and death, was the author's favourite. To tell of disappointment and misery, to thicken the darkness of futurity, and perplex the labyrinth of uncertainty, has been always a delicious employment of the poets. His preference was probably just. I wish, however, that his fondness had not overlooked a line in which the *Zephyrs* are made to *lament in silence*.

To charge these Pastorals with want of invention, is to require what was never intended. The imitations are so ambitiously frequent, that the writer evidently means rather to show his literature than his wit. It is surely sufficient for an author of sixteen, not only to be able to copy the poems of antiquity with judicious selection, but to have obtained sufficient power of language, and skill in metre, to exhibit a series of versification, which had in English poetry no precedent, nor has since had an imitation.

The design of 'Windsor Forest' is evidently derived from 'Cooper's Hill,' with some attention to Waller's poem on 'The Park;' but Pope cannot be denied to excel his masters in variety and elegance,

and the art of interchanging description, narrative, and morality. The objection made by Dennis is the want of plan, of a regular subordination of parts terminating in the principal and original design. There is this want in most descriptive poems, because as the scenes which they must exhibit successively, are all subsisting at the same time, the order in which they are shown must by necessity be arbitrary, and more is not to be expected from the last part than from the first. The attention, therefore, which cannot be detained by suspense, must be excited by diversity, such as his poem offers to its reader.

But the desire of diversity may be too much indulged; the parts of 'Windsor Forest' which deserve least praise, are those which were added to enliven the stillness of the scene, the appearance of Father Thames, and the transformation of *Lodona*. Addison had in his 'Campaign' derided the Rivers that "rise from their oozy beds" to tell stories of heroes; and it is therefore strange that Pope should adopt a fiction not only unnatural but lately censured. The story of *Lodona* is told with sweetness; but a new metamorphosis is a ready and puerile expedient; nothing is easier than to tell how a flower was once a blooming virgin, or a rock an obdurate tyrant.

The 'Temple of Fame' has, as Steele warmly declared, "a thousand beauties." Every part is splendid; there is great luxuriance of ornaments; the original vision of Chaucer was never denied to be much improved; the allegory is very skilfully continued, the imagery is properly selected, and learnedly displayed; yet, with all this comprehension of excellence, as its scene is laid in remote ages, and its sentiments, if the concluding paragraph be excepted, have little relation to general manners or common life, it never obtained much notice, but is

turned silently over, and seldom quoted or mentioned with either praise or blame.

That the 'Messiah' excels the 'Pollio' is no great praise, if it be considered from what original the improvements are derived.

The 'Verses on the Unfortunate Lady' have drawn much attention by the illandable singularity of treating suicide with respect; and they must be allowed to be written in some parts with vigorous animation, and in others with gentle tenderness; nor has Pope produced any poem in which the sense predominates more over the diction. But the tale is not skillfully told; it is not easy to discover the character of either the Lady or her Guardian. History relates that she was about to disparage herself by a marriage with an inferior; Pope praises her for the dignity of ambition, and yet condemns the uncle to detestation for his pride: the ambitious love of a niece may be opposed by the interest, malice, or envy of an uncle, but never by his pride. On such an occasion a poet may be allowed to be obscure, but inconsistency never can be right¹⁷.

The 'Ode for St. Cecilia's Day' was undertaken at the desire of Steele: in this the author is generally confessed to have miscarried, yet he has miscarried only as compared with Dryden; for he has far outgone other competitors. Dryden's plan is better chosen; history will always take stronger hold of the attention than fable: the passions excited

¹⁷ There was a letter in the possession of Dr. Johnson, containing the name of the lady; and a reference to a gentleman well known in the literary world for her history. From a memorandum of some particulars, communicated to this gentleman by a lady of quality, it appears, that the unfortunate lady's name was Withinbury; that she was in love with Pope, and would have married him; that her guardian, though she was deformed in person, looking upon such a match as beneath her, sent her to a convent; and that by a noose, and not a sword, her life was terminated.

by Dryden are the pleasures and pains of real life ; the scene of Pope is laid in imaginary existence ; Pope is read with calm acquiescence, Dryden with turbulent delight ; Pope hangs upon the ear, and Dryden finds the passes of the mind.

Both the odes want the essential constituent of metrical compositions, the stated recurrence of settled numbers. It may be alleged, that Pindar is said by Horace to have written *numeris lege solutis* : but as no such lax performances have been transmitted to us, the meaning of that expression cannot be fixed ; and perhaps the like return might properly be made to a modern Pindarist, as Mr. Cobb received from Bentley, who, when he found his criticisms upon a Greek Exercise, which Cobb had presented, refuted one after another by Pindar's authority, cried out at last, " Pindar was a bold fellow, but thou art an impudent one."

If Pope's ode be particularly inspected, it will be found that the first stanza consists of sounds well chosen indeed, but only sounds.

The second consists of hyperbolical common-places, easy to be found, and perhaps without much difficulty to be as well expressed.

In the third, however, there are numbers, images, harmony, and vigour, not unworthy the antagonist of Dryden. Had all been like this—but every part cannot be the best.

The next stanzas place and detain us in the dark and dismal regions of mythology, where neither hope nor fear, neither joy nor sorrow, can be found : the poet however faithfully attends us ; we have all that can be performed by elegance of diction, or sweetness of versification ; but what can form avail without better matter ?

The last stanza recurs again to common places. The conclusion is too evidently modelled by that of Dryden ; and it may be remarked that both end with

the same fault; the comparison of each is literal on one side, and metaphorical on the other.

Poets do not always express their own thoughts: Pope, with all this labour in the praise of Music, was ignorant of its principles, and insensible of its effects.

One of his greatest, though of his earliest works, is the 'Essay on Criticism,' which, if he had written nothing else, would have placed him among the first critics and the first poets, as it exhibits every mode of excellence that can embellish or dignify didactic composition, selection of matter, novelty of arrangement, justness of precept, splendour of illustration, and propriety of digression. I know not whether it be pleasing to consider that he produced this piece at twenty, and never afterwards excelled it: he that delights himself with observing that such powers may be soon attained, cannot but grieve to think that life was ever after at a stand.

To mention the particular beauties of the Essay would be unprofitably tedious; but I cannot forbear to observe, that the comparison of a student's progress in the sciences with the journey of a traveller in the Alps, is perhaps the best that English poetry can show. A simile, to be perfect, must both illustrate and ennoble the subject; must show it to the understanding in a clearer view, and display it to the fancy with greater dignity, but either of these qualities may be sufficient to recommend it. In didactic poetry, of which the greatest purpose is instruction, a simile may be praised which illustrates, though it does not ennoble; in heroics, that may be admitted which ennobles, though it does not illustrate. That it may be complete, it is required to exhibit, independently of its references, a pleasing image: for a simile is said to be a short episode. To this antiquity was so attentive, that circumstances were sometimes added, which, having no parallels, served

only to fill the imagination, and produced what Per-rault ludicrously called "comparisons with a long tail." In their similes the greatest writers have sometimes failed; the ship-race, compared with the chariot-race, is neither illustrated nor aggrandised; land and water make all the difference: when Apollo, running after Daphne, is likened to a greyhound chasing a hare, there is nothing gained; the ideas of pursuit and flight are too plain to be made plainer; and a god and the daughter of a god are not represented much to their advantage by a hare and dog. The simile of the Alps has no useless parts, yet affords a striking picture by itself; it makes the foregoing position better understood, and enables it to take faster hold on the attention; it assists the apprehension, and elevates the fancy.

Let me likewise dwell a little on the celebrated paragraph, in which it is directed that "the sound should seem an echo to the sense;" a precept which Pope is allowed to have observed beyond any other English poet.

This notion of representative metre, and the desire of discovering frequent adaptations of the sound to the sense, have produced, in my opinion, many wild conceits and imaginary beauties. All that can furnish this representation are the sounds of the words considered singly, and the time in which they are pronounced. Every language has some words framed to exhibit the noises which they express, as *thump*, *rattle*, *growl*, *hiss*. These, however, are but few, and the poet cannot make them more, nor can they be of any use but when sound is to be mentioned. The time of pronunciation was in the dactylic measures of the learned languages capable of considerable variety; but that variety could be accommodated only to motion or duration, and different degrees of motion were perhaps expressed by verses rapid or

slow, without much attention of the writer, when the image had full possession of his fancy; but our language having little flexibility, our verses can differ very little in their cadence. The fancied resemblances, I fear, arise sometimes merely from the ambiguity of words; there is supposed to be some relation between a *soft* line and *soft* couch, or between *hard* syllables and *hard* fortune.

Motion, however, may be in some sort exemplified; and yet it may be suspected that in such resemblances the mind often governs the ear, and the sounds are estimated by their meaning. One of their most successful attempts has been to describe the labour of Sisyphus:

With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up a high hill he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.

Who does not perceive the stone to move slowly upwards, and roll violently back? But set the same numbers to another sense;

While many a merry tale, and many a song,
Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road long.
The rough road then, returning in a round,
Mock'd our impatient steps, for all was fairy ground.

We have now surely lost much of the delay, and much of the rapidity.

But, to show how little the greatest master of numbers can fix the principles of representative harmony, it will be sufficient to remark that the poet, who tells us, that

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skins along the main;

when he had enjoyed for about thirty years the praise of Camilla's lightness of foot, he tried another experiment upon *sound* and *time*, and produced this memorable triplet;

Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

Here are the swiftness of the rapid race, and the march of slow-paced majesty, exhibited by the same poet in the same sequence of syllables, except that the exact prosodist will find the line of *swiftness* by one time longer than that of *tardiness*.

Beauties of this kind are commonly fancied ; and, when real, are technical and nugatory, not to be rejected, and not to be solicited.

To the praises which have been accumulated on the 'Rape of the Lock,' by readers of every class, from the critic to the waiting maid, it is difficult to make any addition. Of that which is universally allowed to be the most attractive of all ludicrous compositions, let it rather be now inquired from what sources the power of pleasing is derived.

Dr. Warburton, who excelled in critical perspicacity, has remarked, that the preternatural agents are very happily adapted to the purposes of the poem. The heathen deities can no longer gain attention : we should have turned away from a contest between Venus and Diana. The employment of allegorical persons always excites conviction of its own absurdity ; they may produce effects, but cannot conduct actions : when the phantom is put in motion, it dissolves : thus *Discord* may raise a mutiny ; but *Discord* cannot conduct a march, nor besiege a town. Pope brought in view a new race of beings, with powers and passions proportionate to their operation. The Sylphs and Gnomes act, at the toilet and the tea-table, what more terrific and more powerful phan-

toms perform on the stormy ocean, or the field of battle; they give their proper help, and do their proper mischief.

Pope is said, by an objector, not to have been the inventor of this petty nation; a charge which might with more justice have been brought against the author of the 'Iliad,' who doubtless adopted the religious system of his country; for what is there, but the names of his agents, which Pope has not invented? Has he not assigned them characters and operations never heard of before? Has he not, at least, given them their first poetical existence? If this is not sufficient to denominate his work original, nothing original ever can be written.

In this work are exhibited, in a very high degree, the two most engaging powers of an author. New things are made familiar, and familiar things are made new. A race of aërial people, never heard of before, is presented to us in a manner so clear and easy, that the reader seeks for no further information, but immediately mingles with his new acquaintance, adopts their interests, and attends their pursuits, loves a Sylph, and detests a Gnome.

That familiar things are made new, every paragraph will prove. The subject of the poem is an event below the common incidents of common life; nothing real is introduced that is not seen so often as to be no longer regarded; yet the whole detail of a female day is here brought before us, invested with so much art of decoration, that, though nothing is disguised, every thing is striking, and we feel all the appetite of curiosity for that from which we have a thousand times turned fastidiously away.

The purpose of the poet is, as he tells us, to laugh at "the little unguarded follies of the female sex." It is therefore without justice that Dennis charges the 'Rape of the Lock' with the want of a moral, and for that reason sets it below the 'Lu-

trin,' which exposes the pride and discord of the clergy. Perhaps neither Pope nor Boileau has made the world much better than he found it: but, if they had both succeeded, it were easy to tell who would have deserved most from public gratitude. The freaks, and humours, and spleen, and vanity of women, as they embroil families in discord, and fill houses with disquiet, do more to obstruct the happiness of life in a year than the ambition of the clergy in many centuries. It has been well observed, that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.

It is remarked by Dennis likewise, that the machinery is superfluous; that by all the bustle of preternatural operation, the main event is neither hastened nor retarded. To this charge an efficacious answer is not easily made. The Sylphs cannot be said to help or to oppose; and it must be allowed to imply some want of art, that their power has not been sufficiently intermingled with the action. Other parts may likewise be charged with want of connexion; the game at *ombre* might be spared; but, if the lady had lost her hair while she was intent upon her cards, it might have been inferred that those who are too fond of play will be in danger of neglecting more important interests. Those perhaps are faults; but what are such faults to so much excellence!

The Epistle of 'Eloise to Abelard' is one of the most happy productions of human wit: the subject is so judiciously chosen, that it would be difficult, in turning over the annals of the world, to find another which so many circumstances concur to recommend. We regularly interest ourselves most in the fortune of those who most deserve our notice. Abelard and Eloise were conspicuous in their days for eminence of merit. The heart naturally loves truth. The ad-

ventures and misfortunes of this illustrious pair are known from undisputed history. Their fate does not leave the mind in hopeless dejection; for they both found quiet and consolation in retirement and piety. So new and so affecting is their story, that it supercedes invention; and imagination ranges at full liberty without straggling into scenes of fable.

The story thus skillfully adopted, has been diligently improved. Pope has left nothing behind him which seems more the effect of studious perseverance and laborious revisal. Here is particularly observable the *curiosa felicitas*, a fruitful soil and careful cultivation. Here is no crudeness of sense, nor asperity of language.

The sources from which sentiments, which have so much vigour and efficacy, have been drawn, are shown to be the mystic writers, by the learned author of the 'Essay on the Life and Writings of Pope;' a book which teaches how the brow of criticism may be smoothed, and how she may be enabled, with all her severity, to attract and to delight.

The train of my disquisition has now conducted me to that poetical wonder, the translation of the 'Iliad,' a performance which no age or nation can pretend to equal. To the Greeks translation was almost unknown; it was totally unknown to the inhabitants of Greece. They had no recourse to the barbarians for poetical beauties, but sought for every thing in Homer, where, indeed, there is but little that they might not find.

The Italians have been very diligent translators; but I can hear of no version, unless perhaps Anguilara's Ovid may be excepted, which is read with eagerness. The Iliad of Salvini every reader may discover to be punctiliously exact; but it seems to be the work of a linguist skilfully pedantic; and his countrymen, the proper judges of its power to please, reject it with disgust.

Their predecessors, the Romans, have left some specimens of translation behind them; and that employment must have had some credit in which Tully and Germanicus engaged; but, unless we suppose, what is perhaps true, that the plays of Terence were versions of Menander, nothing translated seems ever to have risen to high reputation. The French, in the meridian hour of their learning, were very laudably industrious to enrich their own language with the wisdom of the ancients; but found themselves reduced, by whatever necessity, to turn the Greek and Roman poetry into prose. Whoever could read an author, could translate him. From such rivals little can be feared.

The chief help of Pope in this audacious undertaking was drawn from the versions of Dryden. Virgil had borrowed much of his imagery from Homer, and part of the debt was now paid by his translator. Pope searched the pages of Dryden for happy combinations of heroic diction; but it will not be denied, that he added much to what he found. He cultivated our language with so much diligence and art, that he has left in his 'Homer' a treasure of poetical elegances to posterity. His version may be said to have tuned the English tongue; for, since its appearance, no writer, however deficient in other powers, has wanted melody. Such a series of lines, so elaborately corrected, and so sweetly modulated, took possession of the public ear; the vulgar was enamoured of the poem, and the learned wondered at the translation.

But in the most general applause discordant voices will always be heard. It has been objected by some, who wish to be numbered among the sons of learning, that Pope's version of Homer is not Homerial: that it exhibits no resemblance of the original and characteristic manner of the Father of Poetry, as it wants

his artless grandeur, his unaffected majesty¹⁸. This cannot be totally denied ; but it must be remembered that *necessitas quod cogit defendit* ; ‘ that may be lawfully done which cannot be forborne.’ Time and place will always enforce regard. In estimating this translation, consideration must be had of the nature of our language, the form of our metre, and, above all, of the change which two thousand years have made in the modes of life and the habits of thought. Virgil wrote in a language of the same general fabric with that of Homer, in verses of the same measure, and in an age nearer to Homer’s time by eighteen hundred years ; yet he found, even then, the state of the world so much altered, and the demand for elegance so much increased, that mere nature would be endured no longer ; and perhaps, in the multitude of borrowed passages, very few can be shown which he has not embellished.

There is a time when nations, emerging from barbarity, and falling into regular subordination, gain leisure to grow wise, and feel the shame of ignorance and the craving pain of unsatisfied curiosity. To this hunger of the mind plain sense is grateful ; that which fills the void removes uneasiness, and to be free from pain for a while is pleasure ; but repletion generates fastidiousness ; a saturated intellect soon becomes luxurious, and knowledge finds no willing reception till it is recommended by artificial diction. Thus it will be found, in the progress of learning, that in all nations the first writers are simple, and

¹⁸ Bentley was one of these. Pope, desirous of his opinion of the translation, addressed him thus : ‘ Dr. Bentley, I ordered my bookseller to send you your books ; I hope you received them.’ Bentley pretended not to understand him, and asked, ‘ Books ! books ! what books ?’—‘ My Homer,’ replied Pope, ‘ which you did me the honour to subscribe for.’—‘ Oh,’ said Bentley, ‘ ay, now I recollect—your translation :—it is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope ; but you must not call it Homer.’

that every age improves in elegance. One refinement always makes way for another; and what was expedient to Virgil was necessary to Pope.

I suppose many readers of the English Iliad, when they have been touched with some unexpected beauty of the lighter kind, have tried to enjoy it in the original, where, alas! it was not to be found.—Homer doubtless owes to his translator many Ovidian graces not exactly suitable to his character; but to have added can be no great crime, if nothing be taken away. Elegance is surely to be desired if it be not gained at the expense of dignity. A hero would wish to be loved, as well as to be revered.

To a thousand cavils one answer is sufficient; the purpose of a writer is to be read, and the criticism which would destroy the power of pleasing must be blown aside. Pope wrote for his own age and his own nation: he knew that it was necessary to colour the images and point the sentiments of his author; he therefore made him graceful, but lost him some of his sublimity.

The copious notes with which the version is accompanied, and by which it is recommended to many readers, though they were undoubtedly written to swell the volumes, ought not to pass without praise: commentaries which attract the reader by the pleasure of perusal have not often appeared; the notes of others are read to clear difficulties, those of Pope to vary entertainment.

It has however been objected with sufficient reason, that there is in the commentary too much of unseasonable levity and affected gaiety; that too many appeals are made to the ladies, and the ease which is so carefully preserved is sometimes the ease of a trifler. Every art has its terms, and every kind of instruction its proper style; the gravity of common critics may be tedious, but it is less despicable than childish merriment.

Of the 'Odyssey' nothing remains to be observed : the same general praise may be given to both translations, and a particular examination of either would require a large volume. The notes were written by Broome, who endeavoured, not unsuccessfully, to imitate his master.

Of the 'Dunciad' the hint is confessedly taken from Dryden's 'Mac Flecknoe;' but the plan is so enlarged and diversified as justly to claim the praise of an original, and affords the best specimen that has yet appeared of personal satire ludicrously pompous.

That the design was moral, whatever the author might tell either his readers or himself, I am not convinced. The first motive was the desire of revenging the contempt with which Theobald had treated his 'Shakspeare,' and regaining the honour which he had lost, by crushing his opponent. Theobald was not of bulk enough to fill a poem, and therefore it was necessary to find other enemies with other names, at whose expense he might divert the public.

In this design there was petulance and malignity enough; but I cannot think it very criminal. An author places himself uncalled before the tribunal of Criticism, and solicits fame at the hazard of disgrace. Dulness or deformity are not culpable in themselves, but may be very justly reproached when they pretend to the honour of wit or the influence of beauty. If bad writers were to pass without reprehension, what should restrain them? *impune diem consumpserit ingens Telephus*; and upon bad writers only will censure have much effect. The satire, which brought Theobald and Moore into contempt, dropped impotent from Bentley, like the javelin of Priam.

All truth is valuable, and satirical criticism may be considered as useful when it rectifies error and

improves judgment; he that refines the public taste is a public benefactor.

The beauties of this poem are well known; its chief fault is the grossness of its images. Pope and Swift had an unnatural delight in ideas physically impure, such as every other tongue utters with unwillingness, and of which every ear shrinks from the mention.

But even this fault, offensive as it is, may be forgiven for the excellence of other passages; such as the formation and dissolution of Moore, the account of the Traveller, the misfortune of the Florist, and the crowded thoughts and stately numbers which dignify the concluding paragraph.

The alterations which have been made in the 'Dunciad,' not always for the better, require that it should be published, as in the present collection, with all its variations.

The 'Essay on Man' was a work of great labour and long consideration, but certainly not the happiest of Pope's performances. The subject is perhaps not very proper for poetry; and the poet was not sufficiently master of his subject; metaphysical morality was to him a new study; he was proud of his acquisitions, and, supposing himself master of great secrets, was in haste to teach what he had not learned. Thus he tells us, in the first epistle, that from the nature of the Supreme Being may be deduced an order of beings such as mankind, because Infinite Excellence can do only what is best. He finds out that these beings must be "somewhere;" and that "all the question is, whether man be in a wrong place?" Surely if, according to the poet's Leibnitian reasoning, we may infer that man ought to be, only because he is, we may allow that his place is the right place, because he has it. Supreme Wisdom is not less infallible in disposing than in creating. But what is meant by *somewhere* and *place*, and *wrong*

place, it had been vain to ask Pope, who probably had never asked himself.

Having exalted himself into the chair of wisdom, he tells us much that every man knows, and much that he does not know himself; that we see but little, and that the order of the universe is beyond our comprehension; an opinion not very uncommon; and that there is a chain of subordinate beings "from infinite to nothing," of which himself and his readers are equally ignorant. But he gives us one comfort, which without his help he supposes unattainable, in the position "that though we are fools, yet God is wise."

This Essay affords an egregious instance of the predominance of genius, the dazzling splendour of imagery, and the seductive powers of eloquence. Never was penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment so happily disguised. The reader feels his mind full, though he learns nothing; and, when he meets it in its new array, no longer knows the talk of his mother and his nurse. When these wonder-working sounds sink into sense, and the doctrine of the Essay, disrobed of its ornaments, is left to the powers of its naked excellence, what shall we discover? That we are, in comparison with our Creator, very weak and ignorant; that we do not uphold the chain of existence; and that we could not make one another with more skill than we are made. We may learn yet more: that the arts of human life were copied from the instinctive operations of other animals; that, if the world be made for man, it may be said that man was made for geese. To these profound principles of natural knowledge are added some moral instructions equally new; that self-interest, well understood, will produce social concord; that men are mutual gainers by mutual benefits; that evil is sometimes balanced by good; that human advantages are unstable and fallacious, of uncertain

duration and doubtful effect; that our true honour is, not to have a great part, but to act it well; that virtue only is our own; and that happiness is always in our power.

Surely a man of no very comprehensive search may venture to say that he has heard all this before; but it was never till now recommended by such a blaze of embellishments, or such sweetness of melody. The vigorous contraction of some thoughts, the luxuriant amplification of others, the incidental illustrations, and sometimes the dignity, sometimes the softness of the verses, enchain philosophy, suspend criticism, and oppress judgment by overpowering pleasure.

This is true of many paragraphs; yet, if I had undertaken to exemplify Pope's felicity of composition before a rigid critic, I should not select the 'Essay on Man;' for it contains more lines unsuccessfully laboured, more harshness of diction, more thoughts imperfectly expressed, more levity without elegance, and more heaviness without strength, than will easily be found in all his other works.

The 'Characters of Men and Women' are the product of diligent speculation upon human life; much labour has been bestowed upon them, and Pope very seldom laboured in vain. That his excellence may be properly estimated, I recommend a comparison of his 'Characters of Women,' with Boileau's Satire; it will then be seen with how much more perspicacity female nature is investigated, and female excellence selected; and he surely is no mean writer to whom Boileau should be found inferior. The 'Characters of Men,' however, are written with more, if not with deeper, thought, and exhibit many passages exquisitely beautiful. The 'Gem and the Flower' will not easily be equalled. In the women's part are some defects; the character of Atossa is

not so neatly finished as that of Clodio; and some of the female characters may be found perhaps more frequently among men; what is said of Philomede was true of Prior.

In the Epistles to Lord Bathurst and Lord Burlington, Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to find a train of thought which was never in the writer's head, and, to support his hypothesis, has printed that first which was published last. In one, the most valuable passage is perhaps the Elegy on Good Sense; and the other, the End of the Duke of Buckingham.

The Epistle to Arbuthnot, now arbitrarily called the 'Prologue to the Satires,' is a performance consisting, as it seems, of many fragments wrought into one design, which, by this union of scattered beauties contains more striking paragraphs than could probably have been brought together into an occasional work. As there is no stronger motive to exertion than self-defence, no part has more elegance, spirit, or dignity, than the poet's vindication of his own character. The meanest passage is the satire upon Sporus.

Of the two poems which derived their names from the year, and which are called the 'Epilogue to the Satires,' it was very justly remarked by Savage, that the second was in the whole more strongly conceived, and more equally supported, but that it had no single passages equal to the contention in the first for the dignity of Vice, and the celebration of the triumph of Corruption.

The 'Imitations of Horace' seem to have been written as relaxations of his genius. This employment became his favourite by its facility; the plan was ready to his hand, and nothing was required but to accommodate, as he could, the sentiments of an old author to recent facts or familiar images; but what is easy is seldom excellent, such imitations can-

not give pleasure to common readers; the man of learning may be sometimes surprised and delighted by an unexpected parallel; but the comparison requires knowledge of the original, which will likewise often detect strained applications. Between Roman images and English manners, there will be an irreconcilable dissimilitude, and the work will be generally uncorrect and party-coloured; neither original nor translated, neither ancient nor modern¹⁹.

Pope had, in proportions very nicely adjusted to each other, all the qualities that constitute genius. He had *Invention*, by which new trains of events are formed, and new scenes of imagery displayed, as in the 'Rape of the Lock;' and by which extrinsic and adventitious embellishments and illustrations are connected with a known subject, as in the 'Essay on Criticism.' He had *Imagination*, which strongly impresses on the writer's mind, and enables him to convey to the reader, the various forms of nature, incidents of life, and energies of passion, as in his 'Eloisa,' 'Windsor Forest,' and 'Ethic Epistles.' He had *Judgment*, which selects from life or nature

¹⁹ In one of these poems is a couplet, to which belongs a story related by the Rev. Dr. Ridley :

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage ;
Hard words, or hanging, if your judge be ****.

Sir Francis Page conceiving that his name was meant to fill up the blank, sent his clerk to complain of the insult. Pope told the young man, that the blank might be supplied by many monosyllables, other than the judge's name :— 'But, sir, the judge says, that no other word will make sense of the passage.'— 'So then it seems,' says Pope, 'your master is not only a judge, but a poet : as that is the case, the odds are against me. Give my respects to the judge, and tell him, I will not contend with one that has the advantage of me, and he may fill up the blank as he pleases.' Judge Page probably owed this distinction to the unjustifiable insolence he displayed on the memorable trial of Savage, of whom Pope was the sincere friend.

what the present purpose requires, and by separating the essence of things from its concomitants, often makes the representation more powerful than the reality; and he had colours of language always before him, ready to decorate his matter with every grace of elegant expression, as when he accommodates his diction to the wonderful multiplicity of Homer's sentiments and descriptions.

Poetical expression includes sound as well as meaning; "Music," says Dryden, "is inarticulate poetry;" among the excellences of Pope, therefore, must be mentioned the melody of his metre. By perusing the works of Dryden, he discovered the most perfect fabric of English verse, and habituated himself to that only which he found the best; in consequence of which restraint, his poetry has been censured as too uniformly musical, and as glutting the ear with unwearied sweetness. I suspect this objection to be the cant of those who judge by principles rather than perception; and who would even themselves have less pleasure in his works, if he had tried to relieve attention by studied discords, or affected to break his lines and vary his pauses.

But though he was thus careful of his versification, he did not oppress his powers with superfluous rigour. He seems to have thought with Boileau, that the practice of writing might be refined till the difficulty should overbalance the advantage. The construction of his language is not always strictly grammatical; with those rhymes which prescription had conjoined, he contented himself, without regard to Swift's remonstrances, though there was no striking consonance; nor was he very careful to vary his terminations, or to refuse admission, at a small distance, to the same rhymes.

To Swift's edict for the exclusion of Alexandrines and Triplets he paid little regard; he admitted them, but, in the opinion of Fenton, too rarely; he uses

them more liberally in his translation than his poems.

He has a few double rhymes ; and always, I think, unsuccessfully, except once in the 'Rape of the Lock.'

Expletives he very early ejected from his verses ; but he now and then admits an epithet rather commodious than important. Each of the six first lines of the 'Iliad' might lose two syllables with very little diminution of the meaning ; and sometimes, after all his art and labour, one verse seems to be made for the sake of another. In his latter productions the diction is sometimes vitiated by French idioms, with which Bolingbroke had perhaps infected him.

I have been told that the couplet by which he declared his own ear to be most gratified was this :

Lo, where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows.

But the reason of this preference I cannot discover.

It is remarked by Watts, that there is scarcely a happy combination of words, or a phrase poetically elegant in the English language, which Pope has not inserted into his version of Homer. How he obtained possession of so many beauties of speech, it were desirable to know. That he gleaned from authors, obscure as well as eminent, what he thought brilliant or useful, and preserved it all in a regular collection, is not unlikely. When, in his last years, Hall's Satires were shown him, he wished that he had seen them sooner.

New sentiments and new images others may produce ; but to attempt any further improvement of versification will be dangerous. Art and diligence have now done their best, and what shall be added will be the effort of tedious toil and needless curiosity.

After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the

question that has once been asked, Whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, If Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition will only show the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made. Let us look round upon the present time, and back upon the past; let us inquire to whom the voice of mankind has decreed the wreath of poetry; let their productions be examined, and their claims stated, and the pretensions of Pope will be no more disputed. Had he given the world only his version, the name of poet must have been allowed him; if the writer of the Iliad were to class his successors, he would assign a very high place to his translator, without requiring any other evidence of Genius.

The following Letter, of which the original is in the hands of Lord Hardwicke, was communicated to me by the kindness of Mr. Jodrell.

“To Mr. BRIDGES, at the Bishop of London’s, at Fulham.

“SIR,

“THE favour of your Letter, with your Remarks, can never be enough acknowledged; and the speed with which you discharged so troublesome a task doubles the obligation.

“I must own, you have pleased me very much by the commendations so ill bestowed upon me; but, I assure you, much more by the frankness of your censure, which I ought to take the more kindly of the two, as it is more advantage to a scribbler to be improved in his judgment than to be soothed in his vanity. The greater part of those deviations from the Greek, which you have observed, I was led into by Chapman and Hobbes; who are, it seems, as much celebrated for their knowledge of the original, as they are decried for the badness of their transla-

tions. Chapman pretends to have restored the genuine sense of the author, from the mistakes of all former explainers, in several hundred places: and the Cambridge editors of the large Homer, in Greek and Latin, attributed so much to Hobbes, that they confess they have corrected the old Latin interpretation very often by his version. For my part, I generally took the author's meaning to be as you have explained it; yet their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectness in the language, overruled me. However, Sir, you may be confident, I think you in the right, because you happen to be of my opinion: for, men (let them say what they will) never approve any other's sense, but as it squares with their own. But you have made me much more proud of, and positive in my judgment, since it is strengthened by yours. I think your criticisms, which regard the expression, very just, and shall make my profit of them: to give you some proof that I am in earnest, I will alter three verses on your bare objection, though I have Mr. Dryden's example for each of them. And this, I hope, you will account no small piece of obedience, from one, who values the authority of one true poet above that of twenty critics or commentators. But, though I speak thus of commentators, I will continue to read carefully all I can procure, to make up, that way, for my own want of critical understanding in the original beauties of Homer. Though the greatest of them are certainly those of Invention and Design, which are not at all confined to the language: for the distinguishing excellences of Homer are (by the consent of the best critics of all nations) first in the manners (which include all the speeches, as being no other than the representations of each person's manners by his words); and then in that rapture and fire, which carries you away with him, with that wonderful force, that no man who has a true poetical spirit is

master of himself, while he reads him. Homer makes you interested and concerned before you are aware, all at once, whereas Virgil does it by soft degrees. This, I believe, is what a translator of Homer ought principally to imitate; and it is very hard for any translator to come up to it, because the chief reason why all translations fall short of their originals is, that the very constraint they are obliged to, renders them heavy and dispirited.

“The great beauty of Homer’s language, as I take it, consists in that noble simplicity which runs through all his works; (and yet his diction, contrary to what one would imagine consistent with simplicity, is at the same time very copious.) I don’t know how I have run into this pedantry in a Letter, but I find I have said too much, as well as spoken too inconsiderately: what farther thoughts I have upon this subject, I shall be glad to communicate to you (for my own improvement) when we meet; which is a happiness I very earnestly desire, as I do likewise some opportunity of proving how much I think myself obliged to your friendship, and how truly I am, Sir,

“Your most faithful, humble servant,

“A. POPE.”

The Criticism upon Pope’s Epitaphs, which was printed in ‘The Universal Visitor,’ is placed here, being too minute and particular to be inserted in the Life.

EVERY Art is best taught by example. Nothing contributes more to the cultivation of propriety, than remarks on the works of those who have most excelled. I shall therefore endeavour, at this *visit*,

to entertain the young students in poetry with an examination of Pope's Epitaphs,

To define an epitaph is useless; every one knows that it is an inscription on a Tomb. An epitaph, therefore, implies no particular character of writing, but may be composed in verse or prose. It is indeed commonly panegyrical; because we are seldom distinguished with a stone but by our friends; but it has no rule to restrain or mollify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common beholders may be expected to have leisure and patience to peruse.

ON

CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WYTHYHAM IN SUSSEX.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,
 Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died.
 The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
 Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state;
 Yet soft in nature, though severe his lay,
 His anger moral and his wisdom gay.
 Bless'd satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
 As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
 Bless'd courtier! who could king and country please,
 Yet sacred kept his friendships, and his ease.
 Bless'd peer! his great forefather's every grace
 Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
 Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
 And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

The first distich of this epitaph contains a kind of information which few would want, that the man for whom the tomb was erected, *died*. There are indeed some qualities worthy of praise ascribed to the dead, but none that were likely to exempt him from the lot of man, or incline us much to wonder that he should die. What is meant by "judge of nature,"

is not easy to say. Nature is not the object of human judgment : for it is in vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by nature is meant what is commonly called *nature* by the critics, a just representation of things really existing, and actions really performed, nature cannot be properly opposed to *art*; nature being, in this sense, only the best effect of *art*.

The scourge of pride—

Of this couplet, the second line is not, what is intended, an illustration of the former. *Pride*, in the *Great*, is indeed well enough connected with knaves in state, though *knaves* is a word rather too ludicrous and light; but the mention of *sanctified* pride will not lead the thoughts to *fops in learning*, but rather to some species of tyranny or oppression, something more gloomy and more formidable than foppery.

Yet soft his nature—

This is a high compliment, but was not first bestowed on Dorset by Pope. The next verse is extremely beautiful.

Bless'd satirist!—

In this distich is another line of which Pope was not the author. I do not mean to blame these imitations with much harshness; in long performances they are scarcely to be avoided; and in shorter they may be indulged, because the train of the composition may naturally involve them, or the scantiness of the subject allow little choice. However, what is borrowed is not to be enjoyed as our own; and it is the business of critical justice to give every bird of the Muses his proper feather.

Bless'd courtier!—

Whether a courtier can properly be commended for keeping his *ease sacred*, may perhaps be disputa-

ble. To please king and country, without sacrificing friendship to any change of times, was a very uncommon instance of prudence or felicity, and deserved to be kept separate from so poor a commendation as care of his ease. I wish our poets would attend a little more accurately to the use of the word *sacred*, which surely should never be applied in a serious composition, but where some reference may be made to a higher Being, or where some duty is exacted or implied. A man may keep his friendship sacred, because promises of friendship are very awful ties; but methinks he cannot, but in a burlesque sense, be said to keep his ease *sacred*.

Bless'd peer !

The blessing ascribed to the *peer* has no connection with his peerage: they might happen to any other man, whose posterity were likely to be regarded.

I know not whether this epitaph be worthy either of the writer or the man entombed.

ON

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL,

One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King William III. who, having resigned his place, died in his retirement at Easthamstead in Berkshire, 1716.

A pleasing form ; a firm, yet cautious mind ;
 Sincere, though prudent ; constant, yet resign'd ;
 Honour unchanged, a principle profess'd,
 Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest ;
 An honest courtier, yet a patriot too ;
 Just to his prince, and to his country true ;
 Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
 A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth ;
 A generous faith, from superstition free ;
 A love to peace, and hate of tyranny ;
 Such this man was : who now, from earth removed,
 At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

In this epitaph, as in many others, there appears, at the first view, a fault which I think scarcely any beauty can compensate. The name is omitted.—The end of an epitaph, is to convey some account of the dead; and to what purpose is any thing told of him whose name is concealed? An epitaph, and a history of a nameless hero, are equally absurd, since the virtues and qualities so recounted in either are scattered at the mercy of fortune to be appropriated by guess. The name, it is true, may be read upon the stone; but what obligation has it to the poet, whose verses wander over the earth, and leave their subject behind them, and who is forced, like an unskilful painter, to make his purpose known by adventitious help?

This epitaph is wholly without elevation, and contains nothing striking or particular; but the poet is not to be blamed for the defects of his subject. He said perhaps the best that could be said. There are, however, some defects which were not made necessary by the character in which he was employed. There is no opposition between an *honest courtier* and a *patriot*; for, an *honest courtier* cannot but be a *patriot*.

It was unsuitable to the nicety required in short compositions, to close his verse with the word *too*; every rhyme should be a word of emphasis; nor can this rule be safely neglected, except where the length of the poem makes slight inaccuracies excusable, or allows room for beauties sufficient to overpower the effects of petty faults.

At the beginning of the seventh line the word *filled* is weak and prosaic, having no particular adaptation to any of the words that follow it.

The thought in the last line is impertinent, having no connexion with the foregoing character, nor with the condition of the man described. Had the epitaph

been written on the poor conspirator¹ who died lately in prison, after a confinement of more than forty years, without any crime proved against him, the sentiment had been just and pathetical; but why should Trumbull be congratulated upon his liberty, who had never known restraint?

ON THE

HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt, at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near,
Here lies the friend most loved, the son most dear:
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide;
Or gave his father grief but when he died.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
Oh, let thy once-loved friend inscribe thy stone,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own!

This epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful introduction of the name, which is inserted with a peculiar felicity to which chance must concur with genius, which no man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with servile imitation.

I cannot but wish that, of this inscription, the two last lines had been omitted, as they take away from the energy what they do not add to the sense.

¹ Major Bernardi; who died in Newgate, Sept. 20, 1736.

ON

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

In Westminster Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,
 REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
 ET CONSILIIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
 PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
 VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,
 ANNOS HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
 OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear!
 Who broke no promise, served no private end,
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
 Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
 Praised, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he loved.

The lines on Craggs were not originally intended for an epitaph; and therefore some faults are to be imputed to the violence with which they are torn from the poem that first contained them. We may, however, observe some defects. There is a redundancy of words in the first couplet: it is superfluous to tell of him, who was *sincere, true, and faithful*, that he was *in honour clear*.

There seems to be an opposition intended in the fourth line, which is not very obvious: where is the relation between the two positions, that he *gained no title and lost no friend*?

It may be proper here to remark the absurdity of joining, in the same inscription, Latin and English, or verse and prose. If either language be preferable to the other, let that only be used; for, no reason can be given why part of the information should be

given in one tongue, and part in another, on a tomb, more than in any other place, or on any other occasion; and to tell all that can be conveniently told in verse, and then to call in the help of prose, has always the appearance of a very artless expedient, or of an attempt unaccomplished. Such an epitaph resembles the conversation of a foreigner, who tells part of his meaning by words, and conveys part by signs.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Thy relics, Rowe! to this fair urn we trust,
 And sacred place by Dryden's awful dust;
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
 To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
 Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest!
 Bless'd in thy genius; in thy love, too, bless'd!
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

Of this inscription the chief fault is, that it belongs less to Rowe, for whom it was written, than to Dryden, who was buried near him, and, indeed, gives very little information concerning either.

To wish *Peace to thy shade* is too mythological to be admitted into a Christian temple: the ancient worship has infected almost all our other compositions, and might therefore be contented to spare our epitaphs. Let fiction, at least, cease with life; and let us be serious over the grave.

ON

MRS. CORBET¹,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
 Bless'd with plain reason, and with sober sense ;
 No conquest she, but o'er herself, desired ;
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admired.
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
 Convinced that Virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so composed a mind,
 So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined,
 Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried ;
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

I have always considered this as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs ; the subject of it is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities ; yet that which really makes, though not the splendour, the felicity of life, and that which every wise man will choose for his final and lasting companion in the languor of age, in the quiet of privacy, when he departs weary and disgusted from the ostentatious, the volatile, and the vain. Of such a character, which the dull overlook, and the gay despise, it was fit that the value should be made known, and the dignity established. Domestic virtue, as it is exerted without great occasions, or conspicuous consequences, in an even unnoted tenor, required the genius of Pope to display it in such a manner as might attract regard, and enforce reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable woman has no name in the verses ?

If the particular lines of this inscription be examined, it will appear less faulty than the rest.

¹ In the north aisle of the parish church of St. Margaret, Westminster.

There is scarcely one line taken from common-places, unless it be that in which *only Virtue* is said to be *our own*. I once heard a lady of great beauty and excellence object to the fourth line, that it contained an unnatural and incredible panegyric. Of this, let the ladies judge.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE

HON. ROBERT DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER
MARY,

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER THE LORD DIGBY, IN THE
CHURCH OF SHERBORNE IN DORSETSHIRE, 1727.

Go ! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth :
Composed in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of humankind :
Go, live ! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy mortal to divine.

And thou, bless'd maid ! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more !
Go, then, where only bliss sincere is known !
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these tears, Mortality's relief,
And, till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
These little rites, a stone, a verse receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give !

This epitaph contains of the brother only a general indiscriminate character, and of the sister tells nothing but that she died. The difficulty in writing epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate praise. This, however, is not always to be performed, whatever be the diligence or the ability of

the writer; for the greater part of mankind "have no character at all," have little that distinguishes them from others equally good or bad; and therefore nothing can be said of them which may not be applied with equal propriety to a thousand more. It is indeed no great panegyric, that there is enclosed in this tomb one who was born in one year, and died in another; yet many useful and amiable lives have been spent, which leave little materials for any other memorial. These are however not the proper subjects of poetry; and whenever friendship, or any other motive, obliges a poet to write on such subjects, he must be forgiven if he sometimes wanders in generalities, and utters the same praises over different tombs.

The scantiness of human praises can scarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often Pope has, in the few epitaphs which he composed, found it necessary to borrow from himself. The fourteen epitaphs which he has written, comprise about an hundred and forty lines, in which there are more repetitions than will easily be found in all the rest of his works. In the eight lines which make the character of Digby, there is scarce any thought, or word, which may not be found in the other epitaphs.

The ninth line, which is far the strongest and most elegant, is borrowed from Dryden. The conclusion is the same with that on Harcourt, but is here more elegant and better connected.

ON

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1723.

Kneller! by Heaven, and not a master, taught;
Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought;
Now, for two ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous or whate'er was great,

Lies crown'd with Princes' honours, Poets' lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works ; and dying, fears herself must die.

Of this epitaph, the first couplet is good; the second not bad; the third is deformed with a broken metaphor, the word *crowned* not being applicable to the *honours* or the *lays*; and the fourth is not only borrowed from the epitaph on Raphael, but of a very harsh construction.

ON

GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1729.

Here, Withers, rest ! thou bravest, gentlest mind,

Thy country's friend, but more of humankind.

O ! born to arms ! O ! worth in youth approved !

O ! soft humanity in age beloved !

For thee the hardy veteran drops a tear,

And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu ! yet not with thee remove

Thy martial spirit, or thy social love !

Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,

Still leave some ancient virtues to our age ;

Nor let us say (those English glories gone)

The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

The epitaph on Withers affords another instance of common-places, though somewhat diversified, by mingled qualities, and the peculiarity of a profession.

The second couplet is abrupt, general, and unpleasing; exclamation seldom succeeds in our language; and, I think, it may be observed that the particle O ! used at the beginning of the sentence, always offends.

The third couplet is more happy; the value expressed for him, by different sorts of men, raises him to esteem there is yet something of the common

cant of superficial satirists, who suppose that the insincerity of a courtier destroys all his sensations, and that he is equally a dissembler to the living and the dead.

At the third couplet I should wish the epitaph to close, but that I should be unwilling to lose the two next lines, which yet are dearly bought if they cannot be retained without the four that follow them.

ON

MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTEAD, IN BERKSHIRE, 1730.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, ' Here lies an honest man !'
A Poet, bless'd beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the proud and great :
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heaven that he had lived, and that he died.

The first couplet of this epitaph is borrowed from Crashaw. The four next lines contain a species of praise peculiar, original, and just. Here, therefore, the inscription should have ended, the latter part containing nothing but what is common to every man who is wise and good. The character of Fenton was so amiable, that I cannot forbear to wish for some poet or biographer to display it more fully for the advantage of posterity. If he did not stand in the first rank of genius, he may claim a place in the second ; and, whatever criticism may object to his writings, censure could find very little to blame in his life.

ON

MR. GAY,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
 In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
 With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
 Above temptation, in a low estate;
 And, uncorrupted, even among the great:
 A safe companion and an easy friend,
 Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end,
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY!

As Gay was the favourite of our author, this epitaph was probably written with an uncommon degree of attention; yet it is not more successfully executed than the rest, for it will not always happen that the success of a poet is proportionate to his labour. The same observation may be extended to all works of imagination, which are often influenced by causes wholly out of the performer's power, by hints of which he perceives not the origin, by sudden elevations of mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.

The two parts of the first line are only echoes of each other; *gentle manners* and *mild affections*, if they mean any thing, must mean the same.

That Gay was a *man in wit* is a very frigid commendation; to have the wit of a man is not much for a poet. The *wit of man*, and the *simplicity of a child*, make a poor and vulgar contrast, and raise no ideas of excellence, either intellectual or moral.

In the next couplet *rage* is less properly introduced after the mention of *mildness* and *gentleness*,

which are made the constituents of his character; for a man so *mild* and *gentle* to *temper* his *rage*, was not difficult.

The next line is inharmonious in its sound, and mean in its conception; the opposition is obvious, and the word *lash* used absolutely, and without any modification, is gross and improper.

To be *above temptation* in poverty, and *free from corruption among the great*, is indeed such a peculiarity as deserved notice. But to be a *safe companion* is a praise merely negative, arising not from possession of virtue, but the absence of vice, and that one of the most odious.

As little can be added to his character, by asserting that he was *lamented in his end*. Every man that dies is, at least by the writer of his epitaph, supposed to be lamented; and therefore this general lamentation does no honour to Gay.

The first eight lines have no grammar; the adjectives are without any substantive, and the epithets without a subject.

The thought in the last line, that Gay is buried in the bosoms of the *worthy* and the *good*, who are distinguished only to lengthen the line, is so dark that few understand it; and so harsh, when it is explained, that still fewer approve.

INTENDED FOR

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS :

Quem Immortalem

Testantur, Tempus, Natura, Cælum :

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night :
God said, *Let Newton be!* And all was light.

Of this epitaph, short as it is, the faults seem not to be very few. Why part should be Latin, and part English, it is not easy to discover. In the Latin the opposition of *Immortalis* and *Mortalis*, is a mere sound, or a mere quibble; he is not *immortal* in any sense contrary to that in which he is *mortal*.

In the verses the thought is obvious, and the words *night* and *light* are too nearly allied.

ON

EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE 19TH YEAR OF HIS AGE,

1735.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
 And every opening virtue blooming round,
 Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
 Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
 This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
 Or sadly told how many hopes lie here!
 The living virtue now had shone approved,
 The senate heard him, and his country loved.
 Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame,
 Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
 In whom a race, for courage famed and art,
 Ends in the milder merit of the heart:
 And, chiefs or sages long to Britain given,
 Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heaven.

This epitaph Mr. Warburton prefers to the rest; but I know not for what reason. To *crown* with *reflection* is surely a mode of speech approaching to nonsense. *Opening virtues blooming round*, is something like tautology; the six following lines are poor and prosaic. *Art* is in another couplet used for *arts*, that a rhyme may be had to *heart*. The six last lines are the best, but not excellent.

The rest of his sepulchral performances hardly deserve the notice of criticism. The contemptible

‘ Dialogue’ between HE and SHE should have been suppressed for the author’s sake.

In his last epitaph on himself, in which he attempts to be joocular upon one of the few things that make wise men serious, he confounds the living man with the dead :

Under this stone, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, &c.

When a man is once buried, the question, under what he is buried, is easily decided. He forgot, that though he wrote the epitaph in a state of uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his grave was made. Such is the folly of wit when it is ill employed.

‘The world has but little new ; even this wretchedness seems to have been borrowed from the following tuneless lines :

Ludovici Areosti humanatur ossa
Sub hoc marmore, vel sub hac humo, seu
Sub quicquid voluit benignus hæres,
Sive hærede benignior comes, seu
Opportunius incideus Viator :
Nam scire haud potuit futura, sed nec
Tanti erat vacuum sibi cadaver
Ut utnam cuperet parere vivens,
Vivens ista tamen sibi caravit,
Quæ inscribi voluit suo sepulchro
Olim siquod haberetis sepulchrum.

Surely Ariosto did not venture to expect that his trifle would have ever had such an illustrious imitator.

Encomiums on Pope.

ON

MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS.

BY JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH age decay'd, with courts and business tired,
Caring for nothing but what ease required;
Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,
And, from the critics, safe arrived in port;
I little thought of launching forth again,
Amidst adventurous rovers of the pen;
And after so much undeserved success,
Thus hazarding, at last, to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme:
Ignorance honour'd, wit and worth defamed,
Folly triumphant, and even Homer blamed!
But to this genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various learning mix'd in every part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good companion and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natured deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways,
But a much greater to give merit praise.

TO MR. POPE.

BY DR. PARNELL.

To praise, and still with just respect to praise,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays ;
The learn'd to show, the sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the friend ;
What life, what vigour, must the lines require !
What music tune them, what affection fire !

O might thy genius in my bosom shine,
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine ;
The brightest ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.

Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream ;
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by the Muse the envy of the fair !
Less shone the tresses Egypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds ;
Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool.
But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The sylphs and gnomes are but a woman's heart :
The graces stand in sight ; a satyr-train
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits,
Enshrined on high the sacred Virgil sits ;
And sits in measures such as Virgil's Muse,
To place thee near him, might be fond to choose.
How might he tune the' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he ;
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wise,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deservest the prize !
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of every tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail !
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head ;
Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,
Thy aspin quiver in a breathing breeze !
Smile, all ye valleys in eternal spring,
Be hush'd ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.
In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat ;
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with every sense of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne ;
In all the majesty of Greek retired,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admired ;
His language failing, wrapp'd him round with night ;
Thine, raised by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When choked by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, 'The mines were here :'
Should some rich youth (if Nature warms his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)

Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein,
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!
How every music varies in thy lines!
Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle bless'd,
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O, softly tread,
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my friend; and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires,
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;
For Fortune placed me in unfertile ground;
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning—very far from thee.
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf;
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf;
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet;
Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud:
Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
A friend delight me, and an author please;
Even here I sing when Pope supplies the theme,
Show my own love, though not increase his fame.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS PASTORALS.

BY WILLIAM WYCHERLY, ESQ.

IN these more dull, as more censorious days,
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,
A Muse sincere, that never flattery knew,
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found,
Art strengthening nature, sense improved by sound.
Unlike those wits, whose numbers glide along
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:
Laboriously enervate they appear,
And write not to the head, but to the ear;
Our minds unmoved and unconcern'd they lull,
And are at best most musically dull:
So, purling streams with even murmurs creep,
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.
As smoothest speech is most deceitful found,
The smoothest numbers oft are empty sound:
But wit and judgment join at once in you,
Sprightly as youth, as age consummate too:
Your strains are regularly bold, and please
With unforced care, and unaffected ease,
With proper thoughts, and lively images:
Such as by Nature to the ancients shown,
Fancy improves and judgment makes your own:
For great men's fashions to be follow'd are,
Although disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear.
Some in a polish'd style write pastoral,
Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall.

Like some fair shepherdess, the silvan Muse
Should wear those flowers her native fields produce;
And the true measure of the shepherd's wit
Should, like his garb, be for the country fit:
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought
More nicely than the common swain's be wrought.
So, with becoming art, the players dress
In silks the shepherd and the shepherdess:
Yet still unchanged the form and mode remain,
Shaped like the homely russet of the swain.
Your rural Muse appears to justify
The long-lost graces of simplicity:
So rural beauties captivate our sense
With virgin charms, and native excellence.
Yet long her modesty those charms conceal'd,
Till by men's envy to the world reveal'd;
For wits industrious to their trouble seem,
And needs will envy what they must esteem.

Live and enjoy their spite! nor mourn that fate,
Which would, if Virgil lived, on Virgil wait;
Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight,
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight;
So larks, which first from lowly fields arise,
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WINDSOR FOREST.

BY FRANCIS KNAP.

HAIL! sacred bard! a Muse unknown before
Salutes thee from the bleak Atlantic shore.
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,
And Windsor's gay retreat becomes our own.
The eastern pomp had just bespoke our care,
And India pour'd her gaudy treasures here:
A various spoil adorn'd our naked land,
The pride of Persia glitter'd on our strand,
And China's earth was cast on common sand:
Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay,
And dress'd the rocky shelves, and paved the
painted bay.

Thy treasures next arrived; and now we boast
A nobler cargo on our barren coast:
From thy luxuriant forest we receive
More lasting glories than the East can give.
Where'er we dip in thy delightful page,
What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!
The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,
Fresh in the page as in the grove they were.
Not half so true the fair Lodona shows
The silvan state that on her border grows,
While she the wondering shepherd entertains
With a new Windsor in her watery plains;
Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,
Thy living scene is in the Muse's glass.

Nor sweeter notes the echoing forests cheer,
When Philomela sits and warbles there,
Than when you sing the greens and opening glades,
And give us harmony as well as shades :
A Titian's hand might draw the grove, but you
Can paint the grove, and add the music too,
With vast variety thy pages shine;
A new creation starts in every line.
How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,
And give at once the day, at once the night;
And here again what sweet confusion reigns
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains !
And see ! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom ;
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,
And bearded groves display their annual pride.
Happy the man, who strings his tuneful lyre [spire !
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields in-
Thrice happy you ! and worthy best to dwell
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.
I, in a cold, and in a barren clime,
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,
Here on the western beach attempt to chime.
O joyless flood ! O rough tempestuous main !
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene !

Snatch me, ye gods ! from these Atlantic shores,
And shelter me in Windsor's fragrant bowers ;
Or to my much-loved Isis' walk convey,
And on her flowery bank for ever lay.
Thence let me view the venerable scene,
The awful dome, the grove's eternal green,
Where sacred Hough long found his famed retreat,
And brought the Muses to the silvan seat,

Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the classic store,
And made that music which was noise before.
There with illustrious bards I spent my days,
Not free from censure, nor unknown to praise,
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,
Nor envied Windsor in the soft abode.
The golden minutes smoothly danced away,
And tuneful bards beguiled the tedious day:
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fired
That Maro taught, or Addison inspired.
Even I essay'd to touch the trembling string:
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing?
Roused from these dreams by thy commanding
 strain,

I rise and wander through the field or plain;
Led by the Muse, from sport to sport I run,
Mark the stretch'd line, or hear the thundering gun.
Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy
On the cold earth the fluttering pheasant lie;
His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,
And every feather shines and varies there.
Nor can I pass the generous courser by,
But while the prancing steed allures my eye,
He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly
O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,
Nor can the rapid sight pursue the flying horse.
Oh, could thy Virgil from his orb look down,
He'd view a courser that might match his own!
Fired with the sport, and eager for the chase,
Lodona's murmurs stop me in the race.
Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale?
The soft complaint shall over time prevail;
The tale be told, when shades forsake her shore;
The nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old Thames! forbear to shine,
At once the subject and the song divine.
Peace, sung by thee, shall please even Britons more
Than all their shouts for victory before.
Oh! could Britannia imitate thy stream,
The world should tremble at her awful name:
From various springs divided waters glide,
In different colours roll a different tide,
Murmur along their crooked banks awhile,
At once they murmur, and enrich the isle;
Awhile distinct through many channels run,
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one;
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names,
And make one glorious and immortal Thames.

TO MR. POPE,

BY GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON.

FROM ROME, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of the' Aonian grove;
Preserved our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee, from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspired by memory of ancient wit,
For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fallen is their glory, and their virtue lost;
From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.

Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove ;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where cheer'd with summer rays
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy winter's un auspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of fate :
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown ;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred wisdom from her bounds is fled,
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.

Illustrious names ! that once in Latium shined,
Born to instruct, and to command mankind ;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was raised,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely praised !
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mouldering stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ;
Those hallow'd ruins better pleased to see,
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
While with the' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise :—

‘ Stranger, (he said) whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To POPE this message from his master bear :
“ Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays ;
In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;
Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.
Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise
A lasting column to thy country’s praise,
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost ;
Where science in the arms of peace is laid,
And plants her palm beneath the olive’s shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung ;
Brave, yet refined, for arms and arts renown’d,
With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown’d,
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleased, a mild Augustus to obey.
If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblamed thy name shall live :
Envy to black Coeytus shall retire,
And howl with furies, in tormenting fire ;
Approving time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot’s to the poet’s praise.”’

TO MR. POPE,
ON THE PUBLISHING HIS WORKS.

BY SIMON HARCOURT.

HE comes, he comes! bid every bard prepare
The song of triumph, and attend his car.
Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,
First gives the palm she fired him to obtain,
Crowns his gay brow, and shows him how to reign.
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,
Pleased to behold the earnest of a god. [joyce!
But hark! what shouts, what gathering crowds re-
Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,
Such as the' ambitious vainly think their due,
When prostitutes or needy flatterers sue.
And see the chief! before him laurels borne;
Trophies from undeserving temples torn;
Here Rage enchain'd, reluctant raves, and there
Pale Envy dumb and sickening with despair;
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,
Weak to support the blaze of majesty.
But what are they that turn the sacred page?
Three lovely virgins, and of equal age!
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,
As he that met his likeness in the stream:
The Graces these; and see how they contend,
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The chariot now the painful steep ascends,
The pæans cease, thy glorious labour ends.
Here fix'd, the bright eternal temple stands,
Its prospect an unbounded view commands :
Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
What laurell'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though every laurel through the dome be thine,
(From the proud epic, down to those that shade
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid)
Go to the good and just, an awful train,
Thy soul's delight and glory of the fane :
While through the earth thy dear remembrance
flies,
' Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.'

POEMS
OF
ALEXANDER POPE.

PREFACE.

I AM inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as, on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controlling the opinions of all the rest; so, on the other, the world has no title to demand that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment: therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame or pleasure as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man; and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly passed upon poems. A critic supposes he has done his part if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point; and can it then be wondered at if the poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error?

For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgments.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill placed ; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure, upon the whole, a bad author deserves better usage than a bad critic ; for a writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment : but such a critic's, is to put them out of humour ; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the faults of bad poets. What we call a genius is hard to be distinguished by a man himself from a strong inclination ; and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others : now, if he happens to write ill, (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write ; and this, too, may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant or insincere, and the rest of the world in general is too well-bred to shock them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the

first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents, and till such talents as they have are so far discredited, as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world; and people will establish their opinion of us from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature, given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances; for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth than if he were a prince or a beauty. If he has not very good sense, (and indeed there are twenty men of wit for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a coxcomb: if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority; for it is with a fine genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it: and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so

much good as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people, who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities ; and these, to a man, will hate or suspect him : a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit ; and a hundred innocent women, as a satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a genius to poetry, and they are all I can think of ; the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone ; the privilege of being admitted into the best company ; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth ; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it, any way, one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about fame than I durst declare till this occasion ; when, methinks, I should find more credit than I could heretofore, since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these trifles by prefaces, biassed by recommendations, dazzled with the names of great patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or trou-

bled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ, because it amused me; I corrected, because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published, because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with them at last; but I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so; for they have always fallen short, not only of what I read of others, but even of my own ideas of poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the ancients (to say the least of them) had as much genius as we; and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly applied themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality; though, if we took the same care, we should still lie under a further misfortune; they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride; when the utmost we can hope is but to be read in one island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the ancients; and it

will be found true that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtained by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense must have been common sense in all times ; and what we call learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our fathers' : and indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have served myself all I could by reading ; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living ; that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors, both by my friends and enemies. But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live : one may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together ; and what critic can be so unreasonable as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement ?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public is, that I have as great a respect for it as most authors have for themselves ; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole poem, and vice versâ, a whole poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one

qualification is so likely to make a good writer as the power of rejecting his own thoughts ; and it must be this, if any thing, that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardoned ; but for what I have burned, I deserve to be praised. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice, in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things as, partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must further acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any miscellanies or works of other men ; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead. If time shall make it the former, may these poems, as long as they last, remain as a testimony that their author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of party or self-interest ; the gratification of public prejudices or private passions ; the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be considered that it is what no man can do without good sense ; a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man : and if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses ; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings ; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty ; so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in executions) a case of compassion : that I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print ; believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended : that I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language ; or, when I could not attack a rival's works, encouraged reports against his morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves ; and a memento mori to some of my vain contemporaries the poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10, 1716.

PASTORALS.

1704.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius! VIRG.

DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL POETRY ¹.

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals ; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of poem ; and it is my design to comprise in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations that critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour : you will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world : and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral². It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing ; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a

¹ Written at sixteen years of age.

² Fontenelle's Discourse on Pastorals.

perfect image of that happy time ; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the poets chose to introduce their persons, from whom it received the name of pastoral.

A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both ³ ; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic : the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing : the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford ; neat, but not florid ; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity ⁴, brevity, and delicacy ; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy nature, it may be useful to take this idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age : so that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been, when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life : and an air of piety to the gods should shine through the poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity ; and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing : the connexion should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short ⁵, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief ; the whole

³ Heinsius in Theocr. ⁴ Rapin de Carm. Past. p. 2.

⁵ Rapin, Reflex. sur l'Art Poet. d'Arist. p. 2. rel. xxvii.

eclogue should be so too: for we cannot suppose poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But, with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered⁶. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shown by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries⁷. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety⁸. This variety is obtained, in a great degree, by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate: by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom

⁶ Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.

⁷ Fontenelle's Discourse on Pastorals.

⁸ See the forementioned Preface.

it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of pastoral) that the critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his *Idyllia* are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the cup, in the first pastoral, is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity: for instance, in his fourth and fifth *Idyllia*. But it is enough that all others learned their excellences from him, and that his dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original; and in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to⁹. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which, perhaps, was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso, in his *Aminta*, has as far excelled all the pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has outdone the epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the pastoral comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most

⁹ Rapin, *Refl. on Arist.* part ii. *refl.* xxvii.—*Pref.* to the *Ecl.* in Dryden's *Virg.*

complete work of this kind, which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil¹⁰. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points; his eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients: he is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as the Mantuan had done before him; he has employed the lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old poets: his stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough; for the tetrastich has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confined in the couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; though, notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his dialect: for the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a calendar to his eclogues is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human life to the several seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his pastorals into months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together: or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distin-

¹⁰ Dedication to Virg. Ecl.

guish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral; that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's; that, in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But, after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old authors; whose works, as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

PASTORALS.

I.

Spring; or *Damon*.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the silvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for power,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves;
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all the' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair;
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus replied:

DAPH. Hear how the birds on every blooming
With joyous music wake the dawning day! [spray
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring

Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year? [strain,

STREPH. Sing then, and Damon shall attend the
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain :
Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow ;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPH. And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year ;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie ?

DAM. Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses
sing ;

Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring ;
Now leaves the trees, and flowers adorn the ground :
Begin, the vales shall every note rebound.

STREPH. Inspire me, Phœbus ! in my Delia's
praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays :
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPH. O Love ! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes :
No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPH. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain ;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPH. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green ;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen ;

While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes !

STREPH. O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus
And trees weep amber 'on the banks of Po ; [flow,
Bless'd Thames's shores the brightest beauties
yield,

Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPH. Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves ;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves :
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPH. All Nature mourns, the skies relent in
showers, [flowers ;
Hush'd are the birds, and closed the drooping
If Delia smile, the flowers begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPH. All Nature laughs, the groves are fresh
and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air ;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

STREPH. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove, [love,
But Delia always ; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPH. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as
May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day :
Even spring displeases, when she shines not here ;
But bless'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPH. Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil
appears
A wondrous tree, that sacred monarchs bears¹ ?

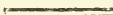
¹ An allusion to the royal oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from his pursuers after the battle of Worcester.

Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes. [fields

DAPH. Nay, tell me first, in what more happy
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields²:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAM. Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Bless'd swains, whose nymphs in every grace excel;
Bless'd nymphs, whose swains those graces sing
so well!

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around:
For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful showers descend.



II.

Summer; or Alexis.

TO DR. GARTH.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sunbeams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quivering shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,

² Alludes to the device of the Scots' monarchs, the thistle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. 3d.

The Naiads wept in every watery bower,
And Jove consented in a silent shower.

Accept, O Garth! the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractised hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder, and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree, -
They parch'd with heat, and I inflamed by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses! in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the watery glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in every herb that grew,
And every plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspired when living, and bequeath'd in death;

He said, ' Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name.'—
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despised by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming power
The captive bird that sings within thy bower!
Then might my voice thy listening ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring;
Each amorous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flowers design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are comprised in one.

See what delights in silvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from shearing seek their nightly
When weary reapers quit the sultry field, [bowers;
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
O deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade:

Where'er you tread, the blushing flowers shall rise,
 And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
 O how I long with you to pass my days,
 Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
 Your praise the birds shall chant in every grove,
 And winds shall waft it to the powers above.
 But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
 The wondering forests soon should dance again;
 The moving mountains hear the powerful call,
 And headlong streams hang listening in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
 The lowing herds to murmuring brooks retreat,
 To closer shades the panting flocks remove:
 Ye gods! and is there no relief for love?—
 But soon the sun with milder rays descends
 To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
 On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
 By night he scorches, as he burns by day.



III.

Autumn; or Hylas and Ægon.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
 Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
 And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring,
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
 The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;

The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
 Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

‘Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
 Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
 Ye powers, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind,
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
 She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!’

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves ad-
 mired:—

Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspired.

‘Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Of perjured Doris, dying I complain:
 Here where the mountains, lessening as they rise,
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:
 While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
 In those loose traces from the field retreat:
 While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
 And the fleet shades glide o’er the dusky green.

‘Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Beneath yon poplar oft we pass’d the day:
 Oft on the rind I carved her amorous vows,
 While she with garlands hung the bending
 boughs:—

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

‘Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;

Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine ;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove :
Just gods ! shall all things yield returns but love ?

‘ Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
The shepherds cry, “ Thy flocks are left a prey.” —
Ah ! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserved my sheep !
Pan came, and ask’d, “ What magic caused my
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart ?” [smart,
What eyes but her’s, alas, have power to move !
And is there magic, but what dwells in love !

‘ Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains !
I’ll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains ;
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world—but love !
I know thee, Love, on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed ;
Thou wert from *Ætna*’s burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born !

‘ Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay !
Farewell, ye woods ; adieu the light of day !
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains !’

Thus sung the shepherds till the’ approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck’d the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen’d every shade.

IV.

Winter; or Daphne.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS! the music of that murmuring spring
 Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
 Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
 So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
 Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky;
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
 O sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYR. Behold the groves that shine with silver
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. [frost,
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
 That call'd the listening Dryads to the plain?
 Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
 And bid his willows learn the moving song.

LYC. So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
 And swell the future harvest of the field.
 Begin: this charge the dying Daphne gave,
 And said, 'Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYR. Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring;
 Let nymphs and sylvaus cypress garlands bring:
 Ye weeping loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
 And break your bows, as when Adonis died;
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

'Let Nature change, let Heaven and Earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!'

'Tis done; and Nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flowery glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah! what avail the beauties Nature wore?

Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood;
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from evening skies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs the native incense yield.
The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;

The' industrious bees neglect their golden store:
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, listening in mid air, suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays;
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees ;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood ;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears ;
The winds, and trees, and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more !

But see ! where Daphne wondering mounts on
Above the clouds, above the starry sky ! [high
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green !
There while you rest in amaranthine bowers,
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more !

LYC. How all things listen, while thy Muse
complains !

Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flowers their odours
give,

Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live !

THYR. But see, Orion sheds unwholesome
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse ; [dews ;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves ;
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves ;
Adieu, my flocks ; farewell, ye silvan crew ;
Daphne, farewell ; and all the world adieu !

MESSIAH.

A Sacred Eclogue.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect that the eclogue was taken from a sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear that I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the silvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and the' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun;
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son¹!
 From Jesse's² root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
 The' etherial spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye heavens³! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick⁴ and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail!
 Returning Justice⁵ lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed Innocence from Heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the' expected morn!
 O spring to light, auspicious babe! be born.

IMITATIONS.

¹ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
 Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.—
 Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
 Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

'Now the virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.'

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14, 'Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son'—Chap. ix. ver. 6, 7: 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.'

² Isa. xi. ver. 1. ³ Ch. xiv. ver. 8. ⁴ Ch. xxv. ver. 4.

⁵ Ch. ix. ver. 7.

See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring⁶,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring;
 See⁷ lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers⁸;
 Prepare the way⁹ ! a God, a God appears !

IMITATIONS.

⁶ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus
 Mixtaque rideuti colocasia fundet acantho—
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

‘ For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with baccar, and colocasia, with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers, about thee.’

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 1. ‘ The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.’—Ch. lx. ver. 13 : ‘ The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.’

⁷ Chap. xxxv. ver. 2.

⁸ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deniq. soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
 Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
 Intonsi montes; ipsæ jam cærmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbusta, Dens, Deus ille, Menalca !

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

‘ O come and receive the mighty honours : the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of Jove ! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God !’

Isaiah, chap. xl. ver. 3, 4. ‘ The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord ! make straight

⁹ Isa. xl. ver. 8.

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
 The rocks proclaim the' approaching deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys, rise;
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear him¹⁰, ye dead, and all ye blind behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
 'Tis he the' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the' unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
 From every face he wipes off every tear.
 In¹¹ adamant chains shall Death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the' eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd¹² tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised father¹³ of the future age.

IMITATIONS.

in the desert a high way for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.' Chap. iv. ver. 23: 'Break forth into singing, ye mountains; O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.'

¹⁰ Ch. xliii. ver. 18. Ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6. ¹¹ Ch. xxv. ver. 8.

¹² Ch. xl. ver. 11. ¹³ Ch. ix. ver. 6.

No more shall ¹⁴ nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise : the joyful ¹⁵ son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren ¹⁶ deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ¹⁷ ;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste ¹⁸ sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;

¹⁴ Isa. ii. ver. 4.¹⁵ Ch. lxxv. ver. 21, 22.¹⁶ Ch. xxxv. ver. 1, 7.

IMITATIONS.

¹⁷ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

‘ The fields shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distil honey like dew.’

Isaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 7. ‘ The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water : in the habitation where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds and rushes.—Chap. lv. ver. 13 : ‘ Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree.’

¹⁸ Ch. xli. ver. 19, and ch. lv. ver. 13.

The leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed. [mead,
 The lambs¹⁹ with wolves shall graze the verdant
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead²⁰;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents²¹ lick the pilgrim's feet;
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem²², rise²³!
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!

¹⁹ Isa. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

IMITATIONS.

²⁰ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

*Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubra; nec magnos metuent armentæ leones—
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet.—*

‘The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.’

Isaiah, ch. xi. ver. 16, &c. ‘The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them,—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice.’

²¹ Ch. lxxv. ver. 25.

²² Ch. lx. ver. 1.

²³ The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

—toto surget gens aurea mundo!

—incipient magni procedere menses!

Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah here cited.

See a long race²⁴ thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barbarous nations²⁵ at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan²⁶ springs !
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun²⁷ shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas²⁸ shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;—
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

²⁴ Isa. lx. ver. 4.

²⁵ Ch. lx. ver 3.

²⁶ Ch. lx. ver. 6.

²⁷ Ch. lx. ver. 19, 20.

²⁸ Ch. li. ver. 6. and ch. liv. ver. 10.

WINDSOR FOREST.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE.

Non injussa cano : te nostræ, Vare, myricæ,
Te nemus omne canet : nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.
VIRG.

THY forest, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, silvan maids !
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands : your aid, O Muses, bring !
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing ?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song :
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again ;
Not, chaos like, together crush'd and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused :
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,]
And part admit, and part exclude the day ;

As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here, in full light the russet plains extend :
There, wrapp'd in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints the' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they ;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves)
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And even the elements a tyrant sway'd ?

In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain :
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ?
Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But while the subject starved, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from the' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;
The hollow winds through naked temples roar ;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twined ;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Awed by his nobles, by his commons cursed,
The' oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And served alike his vassals and his God.
Whom even the Saxon spared, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave !
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey !
Lo, Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart !
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeased the peaceful cottage rise :

Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forest wonder'd at the' unusual grain,
And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vigorous swains ! while youth ferments your
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood, [blood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey ;
Secure they trust the' unfaithful field beset,
Till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty
 bless'd,

Near, and more near, the closing lines invest ;
Sudden they seize the' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :
Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah ! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold ?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.

To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare :
(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.) [roves,
With slaughtering guns the' unwearied fowler
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death :
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car :
The youth rush eager to the silvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
The' impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts a thousand steps are lost.

See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
The' immortal huntress, and her virgin train :
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen ;
Whose care, like her's, protects the silvan reign,
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old, Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor's shade ;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove ;
Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins traced the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was famed,
Thy offspring, Thames ! the fair Lodona named ;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care ;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair ;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanced, as eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and loved, and, burning with desire,
Pursued her flight ; her flight increased his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky ;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling
doves ;

As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urged the chase :
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears ;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears ;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun ;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injured maid. [vain;
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in
'Ah, Cynthia! ah—though banish'd from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.'
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolved away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she ranged before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies ;
The watery landscape of the pendent woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green,
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering
streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the
Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods ;
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;

Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sovereign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to the shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse in-
spires:

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
With chemic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high:
O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
To' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow Nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on Heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,

Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home !
 Such was the life great Scipio once admired :—
 Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retired.

Ye sacred Nine ; that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens ;
 To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye, Muses, sport on Cooper's Hill.
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall
 I seem through consecrated walks to rove ; [flow.]
 I hear soft music die along the grove :
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By godlike poets venerable made :
 Here his first lays majestic Denham sung ;
 Therethelastnumbersflow'dfromCowley'stongue.
 Oh, early lost ! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led !
 His drooping swans on every note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since Fate relentlessstopp'dtheirheavenlyvoice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice ;
 Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley
 His living harp, and lofty Denham sung ? [strung
 But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !
 Are these revived, or is it Granville sings ?
 'Tis yours, my lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;
 To paint anew the flowery silvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor-hill in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies ;

To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star !

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age :
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance :
In the same shades the Cupids tuned his lyre,
To the same notes, of love, and soft desire :
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

O wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breathed upon her winding shore,
Or raise old warriors, whose adored remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains ;
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield ;
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
Whom not the' extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium¹ to the northern main,
The grave unites ; where even the great find rest,
And blended lie the' oppressor and the' oppress'd !

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
(Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone ;)

¹ From Bellerus, a Cornish Giant : that part of Cornwall called the Land's End.

Oh, fact accursed ! what tears has Albion shed,
Heavens ! what new wounds ! and how her old have
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire, [bled !
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said, ‘ Let discord cease !’
She said : the world obey’d, and all was peace !

In that bless’d moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanced his reverend head ;
His tresses dropp’d with dew, and o’er the stream
His shining horns diffused a golden gleam :
Graved on his urn appear’d the moon, that guides
His swelling waters, and alternate tides ;
The figured streams in waves of silver roll’d,
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood :
First the famed authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame ;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown’d ;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown’d ;
Coln, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave ;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
And silent Darent, stain’d with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclined,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
The god appear’d : he turn’d his azure eyes
Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise ;
Then bow’d and spoke ; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush’d waves glide softly to the shore:—

‘ Hail, sacred Peace ! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames’s glory to the stars shall raise !
Though Tyber’s streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From Heaven itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows ;
These now no more shall be the Muse’s themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga’s banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lancers glitter on the Rhine ;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train,
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber’s sands, or Ister’s foaming flood :
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain ;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the silvan chase ;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ’d on birds and beasts alone.
Behold ! the’ ascending villas on my side,
Project long shadows o’er the crystal tide ;
Behold ! Augusta’s glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend !
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world’s great oracle in times to come :
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.

‘ Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their
And half thy forests rush into the floods, [woods,
Bear Britain’s thunder, and her cross display
To the bright regions of the rising day ;

Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side;
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
O stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exiled by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds, shall barbarous Discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance, bathed in gore, retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hated Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.'

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days :
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Even I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise !
Enough for me, that to the listening swains
First in these fields I sung the silvan strains.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

An Heroic-comical Poem.

1712.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct: this I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons, are made to act in a poem: for the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies; let an action be ever so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady; but it is so much the

concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book, called ‘*Le Comte de Gabalis*,’ which both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, guomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The guomes, or demons of earth, delight in mischief: but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable; for, they say, any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts, an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos ;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.*

MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due :
This, even Belinda may vouchsafe to view :
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say, what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake :
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest :
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head :

A youth more glittering than a birthnight beau,
(That even in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
 ' Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel powers, [flowers;
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some sacred truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd;
What though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to those of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.

For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire :
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

‘ Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced :
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark ;
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires ?
’Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.

‘ Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
For life predestined to the gnomes’ embrace. [face,
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain’d, and love denied :
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain, [train,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, “ your Grace ” salutes their ear.
’Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

‘ Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man’s treat, but for another’s ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

‘ Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn’d by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!’

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept
too long,
Leap’d up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
’Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open’d on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish’d from thy head.

And now, unveil’d, the toilet stands display’d,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
The' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in the' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.

Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her
But every eye was fix'd on her alone. [shone,
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide :
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous baron the bright locks admired ;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious Heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.

There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves ;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize :
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die :
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
The' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air ;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast, [wings.
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed ;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun :—

‘Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear !
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign’d
By laws eternal to the’ aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day :
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky :
Some, less refined, beneath the moon’s pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o’er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others, on earth, o’er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

‘Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care ;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the’ imprison’d essences exhale ;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a founce, or add a furbelow.

‘This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e’er deserved a watchful spirit’s care ;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight ;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp’d in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana’s law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw ;

Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball ;
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must
fall.

Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care ;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
And Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock ;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

‘ To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the' important charge, the petticoat :
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of
whale :

Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

‘ Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o’ertake his sins,
Be stopp’d in vials, or transfix’d with pins ;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin’s eye :
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg’d he beats his silken wings in vain ;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell’d flower.
Or, as Ixion fix’d, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below !’

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend ;
Some orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;

Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
flowers,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its
name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;
Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;
In various talk the' instructive hours they pass'd,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine ;
The merchant from the' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore ;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard ;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
The' expressive emblem of their softer power ;
Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :
' Let spades be trumps ! ' she said ; and trumps they

Now move to war her sable matadores, [were.
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors :
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord !

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.

Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.

With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,

The hoary majesty of Spades appears,

Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,

The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.

The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Even mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron Fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
The' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
The' embroider'd king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye;
The pierced battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.

And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate:
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.

Oh, thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate;
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!

Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case :
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends ;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair ;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought :
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart :
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To' inclose the lock ; now joins it, to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed ;
Fate urged the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their
Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high, [last ;
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie !

‘Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,’
The victor cried, ‘the glorious prize is mine !
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady’s bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze ;
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live !
What Time would spare, from steel receives its
And monuments, like men, submit to fate ! [date,
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the’ imperial towers of Troy ;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hair should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel ?

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress’d,
And secret passions labour’d in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb’d of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua’s pinn’d awry,
E’er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin ! for thy ravish’d hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,

Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrin at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne; alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd!
With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and
 noons,

Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.

Here living tea-pots stand, on arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout :
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks ;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks ;
Men prove with child as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the power—' Hail, wayward
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen : [queen !
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays ;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is that all your power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh ! if ere thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron waters matrons' checks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game ;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease ;
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin ;—
That single act gives half the world the spleen.'

The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;

There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Smk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
'O wretched maid!' she spread her hands, and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, 'wretched maid,' re-
Was it for this you took such constant care [plied)
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, the' inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?

Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—'My lord, why, what the devil!
Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair.'—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.

'It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'
He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she raised, and thus she said:

'For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!

Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
O had I rather unadmired remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea !
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam ?
O had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home !
'Twas this the morning-omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late !
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
My hands shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares :
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ;
The sister lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
O hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !

CANTO V.

SHE said : the pitying audience melt in tears ;
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails ?

Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd, and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:—

‘Say, why are beauties praised and honour’d most,
The wise man’s passion, and the vain man’s toast?
Why deck’d with all the land and sea afford,
Why angels call’d, and angel-like adored? [beaux?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm’d the small-pox, or chased old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife’s cares pro-
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use? [duce,
To patch, nay, ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl’d or uncurl’d, since locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scoris a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still whate’er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll; [fail.
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.’

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown’d, Thalestris call’d her prude.
“To arms, to arms!” the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.

All side in parties, and begin the' attack ;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage,
'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms ;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day ! [way,
Triumphant Umbriel, on a scone's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight :
Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song :
'O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear,'
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
'Those eyes are made so killing'—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
The' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown ;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair ;

The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
Nor fear'd the chief the' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued :
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

'Now meet thy fate,' incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side :
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal rings : which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown :
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew ;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

'Boast not my fall (he cried) insulting foe !
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind ;
All that I dread is leaving you behind !
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.'

'Restore the lock !' she cries ; and all around
'Restore the lock !' the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caused his pain.

But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be bless'd,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.

This the bean monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
And hence the' egregious wizzard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Argument.

Abelard and Eloïsa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloïsa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his loved idea lies:
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!

In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round con-
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains : [tains
Ye rugged rocks ! which holy knees have worn ;
Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn !
Shrines ! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart ;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
Still breathed in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe :
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !
There stern religion quench'd the' unwilling flame ;
There died the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, O write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away ;
And is my Abelard less kind than they ?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer ;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue ;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love in-
spires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's
name;

My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of the' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed; Heaven listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I loved a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that Heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth and honour! what are you to love?

The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all;
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
O, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Even thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss, (if bliss on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard, had opposed the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heaven scarce believed the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.

Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose my love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe ;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd ;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes ;
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You raised these hallow'd walls ; the desert smiled,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited heaven :
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls, (their day's eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets
crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light ;
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.

See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity !)
But why should I on others' prayers depend ?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love !
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid :
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose :
Her gloomy presence saddens ail the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey !
Death, only Death, can break the lasting chain ;
And here, e'en then, shall my cold dust remain ;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch ! believed the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heaven ! but whence arose that prayer ?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair ?
E'en here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new ;
Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget !
How shall I lose the sin yet keep the sense,
And love the' offender, yet detest the' offence ?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love ?
Unequal task ! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierced, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate !
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget !
But let heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fired ;
Not touch'd, but rapt ; not waken'd, but inspired !
O come ! O teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you :
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot !
The world forgetting, by the world forgot :
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind !
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;
Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep ;
Desires composed, affections ever even ;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heaven ;
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams.

For her, the' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes ;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring ;
For her white virgins hymeneals sing ;
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy :
When, at the close of each sad sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh cursed, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight !
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claspings arms.
I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :
I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise !
Alas, no more ! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy
 creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain,
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose ;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirits bid the waters flow ;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promised Heaven.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd ; Religion disapproves ;
E'en thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm the' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view !
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue ;
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me ;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight :
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul ;
Come, if thou darest, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to Heaven ; dispute my heart ;

Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those
tears ;

Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers ;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the bless'd abode ;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole ;
Rise Alps between us ! and whole oceans roll !
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.

The oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu !

O grace serene ! O virtue heavenly fair !
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care !
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky !
And Faith, our early immortality !

Enter each mild, each amicable guest ;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propp'd on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.

Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound :
' Come, sister, come ! (it said, or seem'd to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away ;
Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid :
But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep ;

E'en Superstition loses every fear :
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'

I come; I come ! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow :
Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day :
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !
Ah, no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-loved Eloïsa see !
It will be then no crime to gaze on me ;
See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ;
And even my Abelard be loved no more.
O Death, all-eloquent ! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee
round ;

From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame !
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more :



POPE.

O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads
And drink the falling tears each other sheds.

Vol. I. Elvina to Abelard.

If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
 To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
 O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
 And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
 Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,
 ' O may we never love as these have loved !'
 From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
 And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
 Amid that scene if some relenting eye
 Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
 Devotion's self shall steal a thought from Heaven,
 One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
 And sure if fate some future bard shall join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
 Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more ;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell ;
 The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost ;
 He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

FROM

THE FIFTEENTH OF OVID'S EPISTLES.

SAY, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
 Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand ?
 Must then her name the wretched writer prove
 To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love ?
 Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
 The lute neglected, and the lyric Muse ;

Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tuned my heart to elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are borne!
Phaon to Etna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Etna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds;
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please;
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
O youth, ungrateful to a flame like mine! [prise,
Whom would not all those blooming charms sur-
Those heavenly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear:
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus loved, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
Than e'en those gods contend in charms with thee.
The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Though great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her Loves inspire;
To me what Nature has in charms denied,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supplied.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To Heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.

Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspired young Perseus with a generous flame ;
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas ! by none thou canst be moved,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be loved !
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ, -
Once in her arms you centred all your joy :
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh ! how vast a memory has Love !
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleased, but most in what was best ;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest. [fired,
Then with each word, each glance, each motion
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desired,
Till, all dissolving, in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.
The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame ;
Why was I born, ye gods ! a Lesbian dame ?
But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs ! nor boast
That wandering heart which I so lately lost ;
Nor be with all those tempting words abused,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho used.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains !
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun ?
Inured to sorrow from my tender years,
My parents' ashes drank my early tears :

My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame :
An infant daughter late my griefs increased,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas ! what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last, and greatest of my woes ?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow ;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dew,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind :
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these ?
He's gone, whom only she desired to please !
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move ;
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love :
So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come ;
Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah ! who would not be undone ?
For those Aurora Ceph'alus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies ;
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy !
O useful time for lovers to employ !
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace !
The vows you never will return, receive ;
And take, at least, the love you will not give.

See, while I write, my words are lost in tears !
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
(At least to feign was never hard to you)
' Farewell, my Lesbian love,' you might have said ;
Or coldly thus, ' Farewell, O Lesbian maid !'
No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, ' Be mindful of our loves, and live.'
Now by the Nine, those powers adored by me,
And Love, the god that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing
blood ;

No sigh to rise, no tear had power to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe :
But when its way the' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound ;
I rave, then weep ; I curse, and then complain ;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the funeral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
His hated image ever haunts my eyes ;
' And why this grief ? thy daughter lives,' he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,

My woes, my crimes, I to the world proclaim,
Such inconsistent things are love and shame !
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night :
O night more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms !
Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine :
A thousand tender words I hear and speak ;
A thousand melting kisses give and take :
Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please,
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again :
Then frantic rise, and like some fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove ;
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone :
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before ;
But, Phaon gone, these shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwined in amorous folds we lay ;
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return :

Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Terens she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below :
A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the silvan genius of the place.
Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a watery virgin stood :
She stood and cried, ' O you that love in vain !
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main ;
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;
There injured lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
In vain he loved, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd :
But when from hence he plunged into the main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha loved in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !'
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs ! those rocks and seas to prove ;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love !
I go, ye nymphs ! where furious love inspires ;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below !

And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be placed below :
' Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her lyre ;
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee ;
The gift, the giver, and the god agree.'

But why, alas ! relentless youth, ah why
To distant seas must tender Sappho fly ?
Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a god to me.
Ah ! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
O far more faithless and more hard than they ?
Ah ! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on those rocks than to thy bosom press'd ?
This breast which once, in vain ! you liked so well ;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses
Alas ! the Muses now no more inspire ; [dwell.
Untuned my lute, and silent is my lyre ;
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling
string :

My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign ;
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine !)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song :
Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires ;
But ah ! how fiercely burn the lover's fires ?

Gods ! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love ?
 The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air !
 Oh when, alas ! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?
 If you return—ah, why these long delays ?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain ;
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosperous gales ;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah ! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me ?)
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah, let me seek it from the raging seas :
 To raging seas unpitied I'll remove,
 And either cease to live, or cease to love !

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE

NINTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs ;
 When the fair consort of her son replies :
 ' Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
 And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
 Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
 No nymph of all Eechalia could compare
 For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
 Her tender mother's only hope and pride !
 (Myself the offspring of a second bride.)

This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon loved; and, bless'd in all those charms
That pleased a god, succeeded to her arms.

‘ A lake there was with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flowery garlands brought :
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.
Not distant far a watery lotos grows ;
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,
Adorn'd with blossoms, promised fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye :
Of these she cropp'd, to please her infant son,
And I myself the same rash act had done :
But, lo ! I saw (as near her side I stood)
The violated blossoms drop with blood ;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form, and, fixing here, became
A flowery plant, which still preserves her name.

‘ This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight ;
And first the pardon of the nymphs implored,
And those offended silvan powers adored :
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiffening feet were rooted in the ground :
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And as she struggles only moves above ;
She feels the' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below :

Surprised at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves !
Where late was hair the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom press'd,
Perceived a colder and a harder breast,
And found the springs, that ne'er till then denied
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dried.
I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embraced thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow and mingle shade with shade.

‘ Behold Andraemon and the’ unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire :
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind.
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From every leaf distils a trickling tear ;
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains :

“ If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all the’ unpitying powers of Heaven,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;
In mutual innocence our lives we led :
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.
But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother’s care ;

And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed:
Teach him, when his first infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree, and say, with weeping eyes,
' Within this plant my hapless parent lies :'
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh ! let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flowers ; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrined in every tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse farewell !
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell ! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more ; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes."

' She ceased at once to speak and ceased to be,
And all the nymph was lost within the tree ;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.'

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

FROM THE

FOURTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign ;
 Of all the virgins of the silvan train
 None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
 Or more improved the vegetable care.
 To her the shady grove, the flowery field,
 The streams and fountains, no delights could yield ;
 'Twas all her joy the ripening fruits to tend,
 And see the boughs with happy burdens bend.
 The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
 To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
 To decent forms the lawless shoots to bring,
 And teach the' obedient branches where to spring.
 Now the cleft rind inserted grafts receives,
 And yields an offspring more than Nature gives :
 Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
 And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
 Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
 Her private orchards, wall'd on every side,
 To lawless silvans all access denied.
 How oft the satyrs and the wanton fawns,
 Who haunt the forests or frequent the lawns,
 The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
 Employ'd their wiles and unavailing care
 To pass the fences, and surprise the fair !

Like these Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears ;
And first a reaper from the field appears :
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain :
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sunburnt temples shade :
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyoked the sweating steers :
Sometimes his pruning hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines :
Now gathering what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs :
A soldier now, he with his sword appears :
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears :
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.

A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of reverend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs :
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The god in this decrepit form array'd
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd ;
And, ' Happy you ! ' he thus address'd the maid,
' Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
As other gardens are excell'd by thine !'
Then kiss'd the fair ; (his kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow)
Then placed beside her on the flowery ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.
An elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread :

He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And praised the beauty of the pleasing sight.

‘ Yet this tall elm, but for this vine,’ he said,
‘ Had stood neglected, and a barren shade ;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her married elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah ! beauteous maid ! let this example move
Your mind averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be loved, and every heart subdue !
What nymph could e’er attract such crowds as you ?
Not she whose beauty urged the Centaur’s arms,
Ulysses’ queen, nor Helen’s fatal charms.
E’en now, when silent scorn is all they gain,
A thousand court you, though they court in vain,
A thousand silvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you’ll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e’er can by yourself be guess’d)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest :
For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;
Scarce to himself himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ;
Like you, contented with his native groves ;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;
For you he lives ; and you alone shall share
His last affection as his early care.
Besides, he’s lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty bless’d.
Add, that he varies every shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please.

But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same.
To him your orchard's early fruits are due;
(A pleasing offering when 'tis made by you)
He values these; but yet, alas! complains
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red the' autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you, can move the god's desire:
O crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind:
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted
boughs!

This when the various god had urged in vain,
He straight assumed his native form again:
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds the' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepared, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features and a youthful face,
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

THE
THEBAIS OF STATIUS.

BOOK I.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1703.

Argument.

Œdipus king of Thebes having, by mistake, slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect: and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices, in the meantime, departs from Thebes, by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity. He relates to his guests the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorcæbus: he inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality. The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes' alarms,
The' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms

Demand our song ; a sacred fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O goddess ! say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea ?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil ?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung ?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage the' unhappy monarch found ?
The sire against the son his arrow drew ;
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew,
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks, and plunged into the main.

But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse ! the barrier of thy song
At *Œdipus*—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race :
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty *Cæsar*'s conquering eagles sing ;
How twice he tamed proud *Ister*'s rapid flood,
While *Dacian* mountains stream'd with barbarous
blood ;

Twice taught the *Rhine* beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole ;
Or, long before, with early valour strove
In youthful arms to' assert the cause of *Jove*.
And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,
Increase of glory to the *Latian* name !
O ! bless thy *Rome* with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.

What though the stars contract their heavenly
space,
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Though Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Though Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne, and share his heaven with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watery main;
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people Heaven with Roman deities.

The time will come when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:
Meanwhile permit that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may choose:
Of furious hate surviving death she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending kings,
And funeral flames, that parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wandering ghosts
Of kings unburied in the wasted coasts;
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian
blood,

And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep
In heaps his slaughter'd sons into the deep.

What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on every side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the youth, with every grace adorn'd,
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?

Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Œdipus, deprived of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night ;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day,
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within ;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul :
The wretch then lifted to the' un pitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he
strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents
broke :—

‘ Ye gods ! that o’er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain ;
Thou, sable Styx ! whose livid streams are roll’d
Through dreary coasts, which I, though blind,
behold ;
Tisiphone ! that oft hast heard my prayer,
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care.
If you received me from Jocasta’s womb,
And nursed the hope of mischiefs yet to come ;
If, leaving Polybus, I took my way
To Cyrrha’s temple, on that fatal day
When by the son the trembling father died,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide ;
If I the sphynx’s riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promised reign ;
If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain’d my mother’s bed,
For Hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew’d ;

Then self-condemn'd, to shades of endless night,
Forced from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
Oh, hear ! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.
My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and deprived of eyes ;
Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn !
These sons, ye gods ! who with flagitious pride
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
Art thou a father, unregarding Jove !
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above ?
Thou fury ! then some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their childrens' children shall prevail ;
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore ;
Go ! and a parent's heavy curses bear ;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
Blind as I am, some glorious villany !
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands :
Couldst thou some great proportion'd mischief
 frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.'
The fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes, untied, sulphureous waters drink ;
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding lightning or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night :

Swift as she pass'd the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view :
To the' iron gates of Tenarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.
The day beheld, and sickening at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas on the distant shore
Trembled, and shook the heavens and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight ;
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the Hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head ;
In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow :
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow, [high
When labouring with strong charms she shoots from
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky. [came
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
From every blast of her contagious breath
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues and
death.

A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by fates and furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms ; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a funeral brand :
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round :
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through the' Achaian cities send the sound.

Æte, with high Parnassus, heard the voice ;
Eurotas' banks remurmur'd to the noise ;
Again Leucothea shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their furies wake within their breast :
Their tortured minds repining envy tears,
And hate, engender'd by suspicious fears ;
And sacred thirst of sway, and all the ties
Of nature broke, and royal perjuries :
And impotent desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne :
Each would the sweets of sovereign rule devour,
While discord waits upon divided power.

As stubborn steers, by brawny ploughmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
The' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a different way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay ;
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contrived a specious way
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway :
Unjust decree ! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.

Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then no proud aspiring piles were raised,
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blazed ;
No labour'd columns in long order placed,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches graced ;
No nightly bands in glittering armour wait
Before the sleepless tyrant's guarded gate ;
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould ;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals ! what provokes your rage ?
Say to what end your impious arms engage ?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his evening beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day ;
For crimes like these not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize !

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown ;
What joys, O tyrant ! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou couldst around survey,
Pleased to behold unbounded power thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envied throne !

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent ;
Still prone to change, though still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have to hate ;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of kings imposed, and grudgingly obey,

(Whom envy to the great and vulgar spite,
With scandal arm'd, the' ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd—'O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign?
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom changed we still must
fear?

These now control a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state:
Ee'n Fortune rules no more—O servile land,
Where exiled tyrants still by turns command!
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this the' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate
From the first birth of our unhappy state,
When banish'd Cadmus, wandering o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain.
And fated in Bæotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First raised our walls on that ill-omen'd plain
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks the' unrivall'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet who before more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne,
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
Oh, wretched we! a vile submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in every reign!

As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that the wavering sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw,
'Thus on each side, alas! our tottering state
Feels all the fury of resistless fate,
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands.'

And now the' almighty father of the gods
Convenes a council in the bless'd abodes.
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heavens, a mansion lies,
Whence far below, the gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day, [sea.
And all the' extended space of earth, and air, and
Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,
The majesty of Heaven superior shone :
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.
At Jove's assent the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior powers
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bowers';
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow,
And those that give the wandering winds to blow :
Here all their rage and e'en their murmurs cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes :
Heaven seems improved with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke ;

Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is fate.

‘How long shall man the wrath of Heaven defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky?
O race confederate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o’er the’ eluded rage of Jove;
This wearied arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain :
The’ o’erlabour’d Cyclop from his task retires,
The’ Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this I suffer’d Phœbus’ steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day,
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn’d,
And heaven itself the wandering chariot burn’d :
For this my brother of the watery reign
Released the’ impetuous sluices of the main ;
But flames consumed, and billows raged in vain.
Two races now, allied to Jove, offend ;
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Persens those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus’ fate who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding woe ?
How oft the furies from the deeps of night
Arose, and mix’d with men in mortal fight ;
The’ exulting mother stain’d with filial blood,
The savage hunter and the haunted wood ?
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling gods to name ?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And, rising, gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
The murdering son ascend his parent’s bed,

Through violated Nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, O *Œdipus*! just Heaven alarms,
And sets the' avenging thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus soon, with gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line:
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed:
The guilty realms of *Tantalus* shall bleed:
Fix'd is their doom. This all-remembering breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.'

He said; and thus the queen of heaven return'd:
(With sudden grief her labouring bosom burn'd)
'Must I, whose carcs *Phoroneus*' towers defend,
Must I, O *Jove*! in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Though there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded *Argus* slept and bled;
Though there the brazen tower was storm'd of old,
When *Jove* descended in almighty gold!
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguised in borrow'd shapes;
But Thebes, where, shining in celestial charms,
Thou camest triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing lightnings danced around her bed:
Cursed Thebes the vengeance it deserves may
prove—

Ah! why should *Argos* feel the rage of *Jove*?

Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,
Go, rase my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall ;
No more let mortals Juno's power invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke :
But to your Isis all my rights transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her ;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the fathers' crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage ;
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance? to what bounds confined?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wandering stream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name ;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce CEnomaüs, defiled with blood ;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please? and canst thou love
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care ?
Reverse, O Jove ! thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race derived from thee :
On impious realms and barbarous kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse them with such sons as
those.'

Thus in reproach and prayer the queen express'd
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmoved remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care:
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;
Yet these in silence see the Fates fulfil
Their work, and reverence our superior will:
For by the black infernal Styx I swear,
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)
'Tis fix'd, the' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whose ghost yet shivering on Cocytus' sand
Expects its passage to the further strand:
Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exiled brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promised empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate;
The rest succeeding times shall ripen into fate.'

The god obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies;
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seized the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;

That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
Or back to life compels the wandering ghosts.
Thus through the parting clouds the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way ;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and towers the' etherial height ;
Then wheeling down the steep of heaven he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Meantime the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through the' Aonian
groves,

While future realms his wandering thoughts delight,
His daily vision, and his dream by night ;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly.
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne ;
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day :
He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run ;
With anxious hopes his craving mind is toss'd,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And famed Mycene's lofty towers ascend !
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast)
And now by chance, by fate, or furies, led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground
Then sees Cithæron towering o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main ;

Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treacherous Scylla cut the purple hairs ;
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the different shores ;
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to
night,

And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light ;
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew
Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew :
All birds and beasts lie hush'd : sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day ;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scattering shades of
night :

From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from the' Æolian caves, and rend the ground ;
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky :
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heavens, and drives on heaps the rolling
clouds,

From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily showers :
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from every cloud.

Now smokes with showers the misty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round :
The' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on ;
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds :
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away ;
Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne :
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light exposed the sacred shade.
The' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the watery war,
That, driven by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses, to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amazed, what doubtful path to tread ;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet
with fears.

So fares the sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps ;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and
skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on every side distress'd ;
Thus still his courage with his toils increased :

With his broad shield opposed, he forced his way
Through thickest woods, and roused the beasts of
Till he beheld where from Larissa's height [prey;
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light :
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies ;
On this side Lerna's poisonous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise.
He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way ;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days ;
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus graced his noble line :
Heaven had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate !
But who can pierce into the depths of Fate ?)
Had sung—' Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
A yellow lion, and a bristly boar.'
This long revolved in his paternal breast,
Sat heavy on his heart, and broke his rest ;
This, great Amphiaraus ! lay hid from thee,
Though skill'd in fate and dark futurity.
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting god ordain.

Lo, hapless Tydeus ! whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And, seized with horror in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urged his flight :
Now by the fury of the tempest driven,
He seeks a shelter from the' inclement heaven,

Till, led by Fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open courts succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from different lands resort
To' Adrastus' realms and hospitable court,
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Ænides' manly shoulders overspread;
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The king the' accomplish'd oracle surveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding godhead and his future sons;
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through every vein:
To heaven he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent queen of night:—

‘Goddess of shades! beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon spangled arch glows with the starry train;
You who the cares of heaven and earth allay,
Till Nature, quicken'd by the' inspiring ray,
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day;
O thou! who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of Fate,
Be present still, O goddess! in our aid;
Proceed, and 'firm those omens thou hast made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;

The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
Hail! faithful Tripos! hail! ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus; I confess the gods!

Thus, seized with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd,
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The king once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts and wake the fires.
His train obey; while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in canisters are piled on high,
And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fry.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his ivory throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.

And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd;
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the close apartments of the night
The royal nymphs approach divinely bright,
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face,
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,

But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears.
As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise ;
Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
Then on their father's reverend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus used in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture graced, and rough with rising gold :
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And, e'en in gold, turns paler as she dies :
There from the chase Jove's towering eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars ;
Still as he rises in the' etherial height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight,
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze,
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with generous juice was
crown'd.

The first libation sprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celestial power they call ;
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall.
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands
dress'd,

While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the god in numerous hymns of praise.

Then thus the king : ' Perhaps, my noble guests !
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts

To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.
Great was the cause: our old solemnities
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;
But saved from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the god of day.

‘When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay covering all the plain,
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue)
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopos' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd:
Happy! and happy still she might have proved,
Were she less beautiful, or less beloved!
But Phœbus loved, and on the flowery side
Of Nemea's stream the yielding fair enjoy'd.
Now ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
The' illustrious offspring of the god was born;
The nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the silvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

‘How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah! how unworthy those of race divine!
On flowery herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries,
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.

Yet e'en in those obscure abodes to live
Was more, alas ! than cruel Fate would give ;
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breathed the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
The' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame ;
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair ;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies,
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

‘ But touch'd with sorrow for the deed too late,
The raging god prepares to' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of Hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears ;
High on her crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs :
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the
ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

‘ But generous rage the bold Choræbus warms,
Choræbus ! famed for virtue as for arms ;
Some few, like him, inspired with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descried,
Two bleeding babes depending at her side ;
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.

The youths surround her with extended spears ;
But brave Choræbus in the front appears ;
Deep in her breast he plunged his shining sword,
And Hell's dire monster back to Hell restored.
The' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast and gaping womb imbrued
With livid poison and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale e'en in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast ;
And ravenous dogs, allured by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

‘ But fired with rage, from cleft Parnassus’
brow

Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below :
A night of sultry clouds involved around
The towers, the fields, and the devoted ground ;
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.

‘ But Phœbus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year ?
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to Hell.

‘ Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero ! who, divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save,

But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke :

“ With piety, the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear,
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here :
Thy monster's death to me was owed alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays ;
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air !

But if the' abandon'd race of humankind
From gods above no more compassion find ;

If such inclemency in Heaven can dwell,

Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel ?

On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,

Nor err from me, since I deserve it all,

Unless our desert cities please thy sight,

Or funeral flames reflect a grateful light.

Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,

And to the shades a ghost triumphant send ;

But for my country let my fate atone ;

Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.”

‘ Merit distress'd impartial Heaven relieves,

Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives ;

For not the vengeful power, that glow'd with rage,

With such amazing virtue durst engage.

The clouds dispersed, Apollo's wrath expired,

And from the wondering god the' unwilling youth
retired.

Thence we these altars in his temple raise,

And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise ;

These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please ;
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath
appease.

‘ But say, illustrious guest ! (adjoin’d the king)
What name you bear, from what high race you
spring ?

The noble Tydeus stands confess’d, and known
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon :
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite.’

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes
Confused, and sadly thus at length replies :—

‘ Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(O generous prince !) my nation or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll’d ?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold !
Yet if, propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own,
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta’s son, and Thebes my native place.’
To whom the king (who felt his generous breast
Touch’d with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies—‘ Ah ! why forbears the son to name
His wretched father, known too well by Fame ?
Fame that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.
E’en those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole,
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless syrtes, and the moving sands ;
Who view the western sea’s extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds ;
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.

If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine to' efface,
With virtuous acts, thy ancestors' disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.
But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.'

'O father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountains thy bright presence boast;
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleased to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus and the shady shore;
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures raised by labouring gods;
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn:
Skill'd in the laws of secret Fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of sceptres and impending woe,
When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
To excel the music of thy heavenly lyre;
Thy shafts avenged lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
The immortal victim of thy mother's fame;
Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her numerous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears;

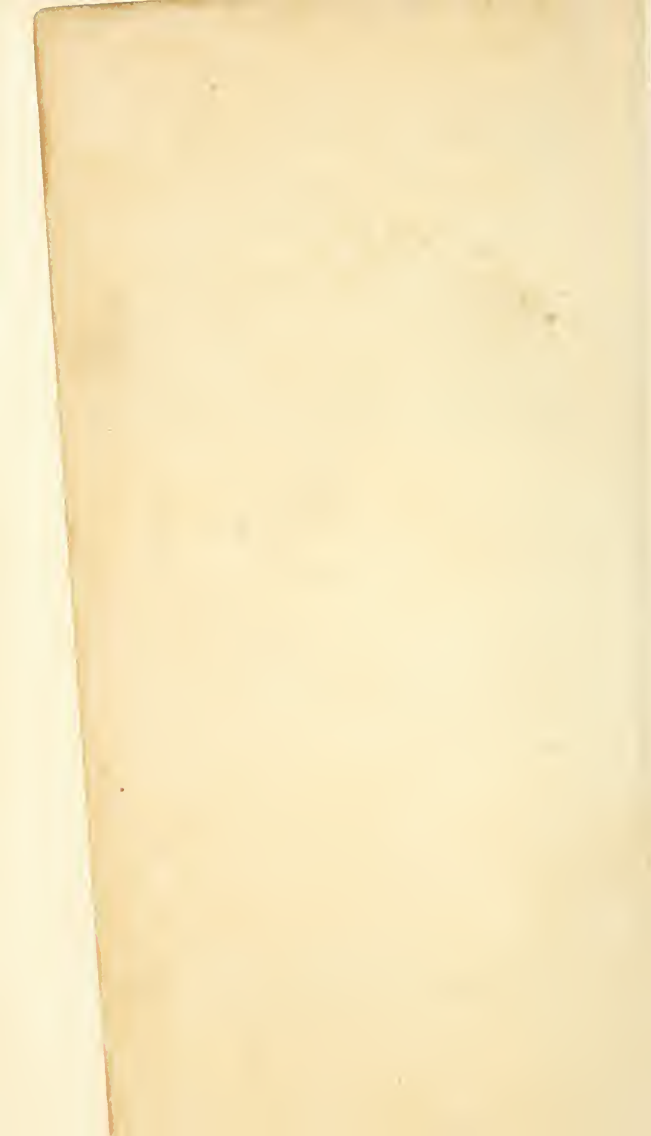
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mouldering rock that trembles from on high.

‘ Propitious hear our prayer, O power divine !
And on thy hospitable Argos shine ;
Whether the style of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays the’ Achæmenes adore ;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain ;
Or Mithra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows ;
Mithra ! whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer’s lunar horns.’

END OF VOL. XXXV.

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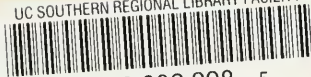
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